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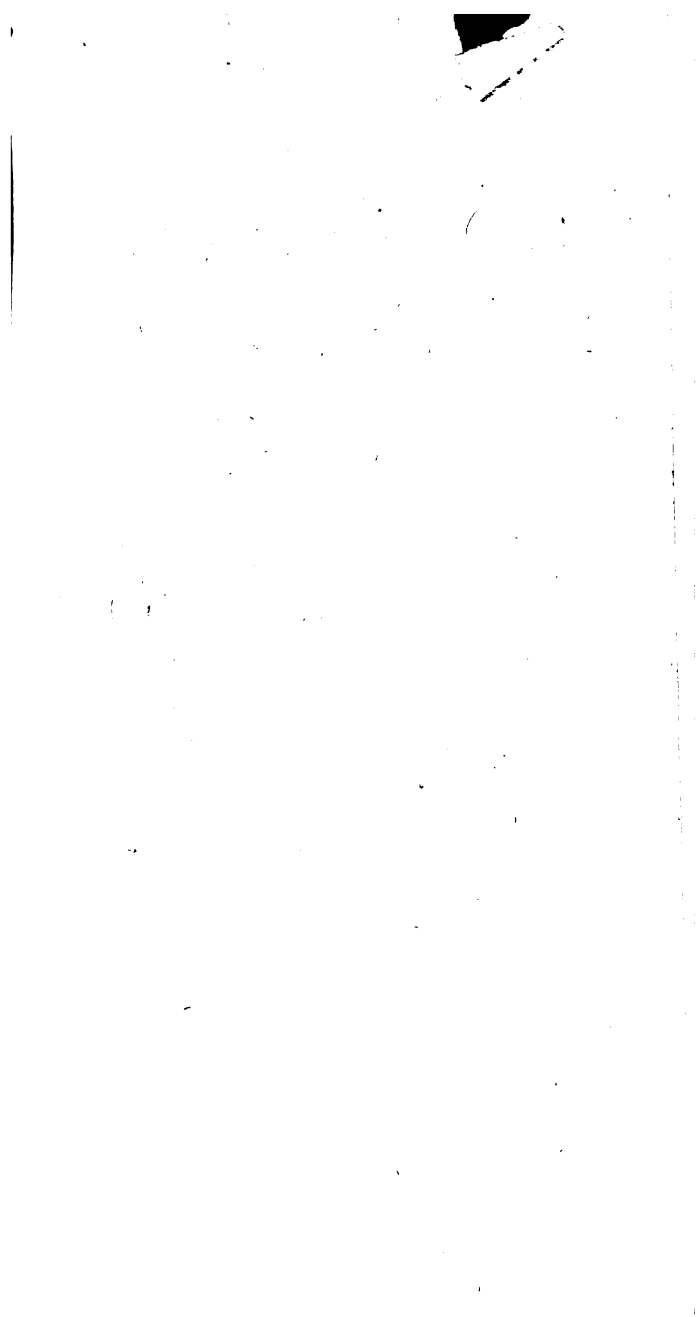
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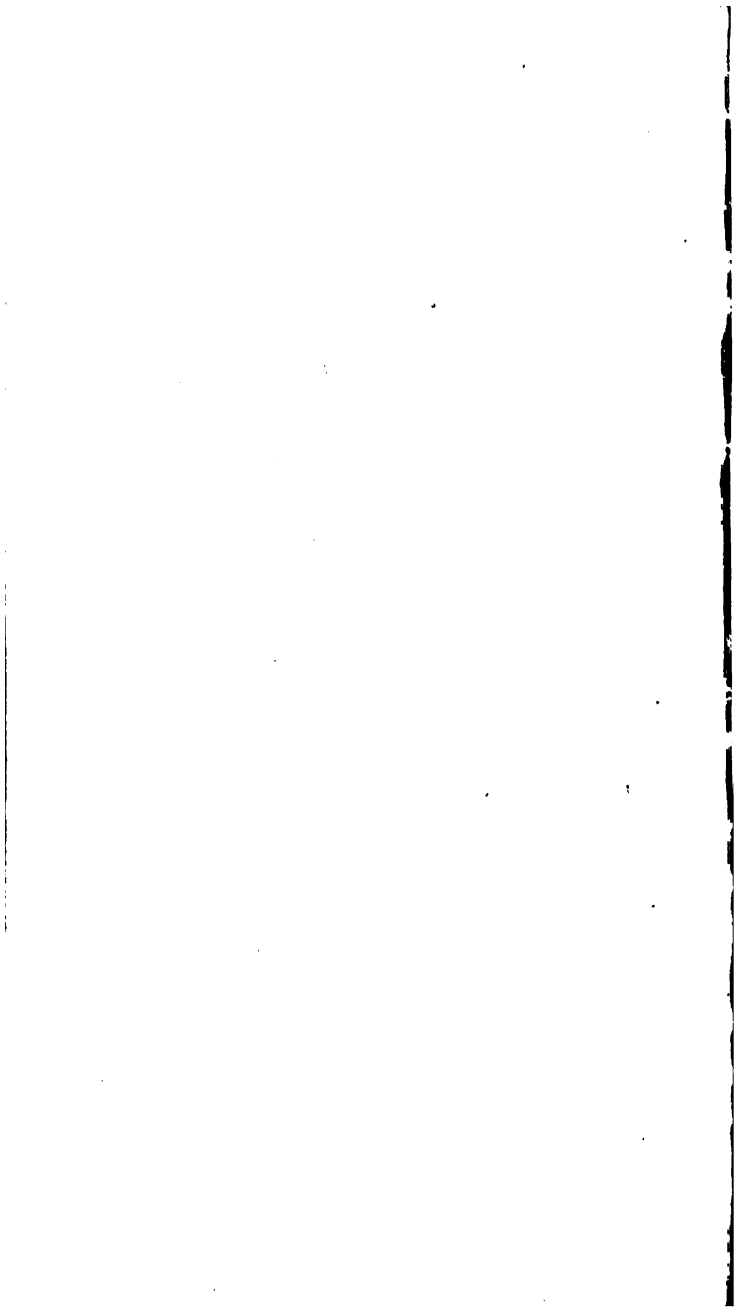
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# EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL, &c.

WITH

MOTTOES

FROM

HORACE, &c.

TRANSLATED, IMITATED, ADAPTED,  
and ADDRESS

TO THE

NOBILITY, CLERGY, and GENTRY.

With NOTES MORAL, HISTORICAL, EXPLANATORY and HUMOROUS.

*Vix ea nostra voco!* —

VIRGIL.

*Into such popularity THESE THINGS are growing,  
That in truth I can hardly call them my own:*

By the Rev. Mr. SCOTT, M. A.

Late of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILKIE, St. Paul's Church-Yard,  
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MDCCLXXIII.

[ PRICE sewed 3s. 6d. ]



Where may be had also, by the *same* Author,

A S E R M O N,  
ON THE  
KING's ACCESSION,

Preached at the COURT-End of the Town,  
and in the CITY,

On Sunday, October 25, 1772.

Dedicated to

Mr. G A R R I C K.

( Price SIX-PENCE. )

N. B. *Both Entered, at Stationer's Hall,  
according to Act of Parliament.*



# DEDICATION.

T O

G A R R I C K,

COLMAN, AND FOOTE.

GENTLEMEN,

**I**F AN INSCRIPTION of *this* sort is by the *Macaroni* taste of the Age reckoned somewhat *out of* Character, I beg pardon of THEIR MOST SERENE DELICACIES: But were MARTIAL and HORACE Themselves now alive, and could have fixed upon a TRIUMVIRATE with *equal* justice and propriety, believe me that I should never have thought of *You*, and consequently had saved both *You* and *Myself* the trouble of this ADDRESS, from

GENTLEMEN,

Your much obliged

And obedient humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

N. V. R. E.  
Martial

1773

Scot.

NY 100  
ALBANY  
PATROL

NY 100  
ALBANY  
PATROL

---

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S  
ADDRESS  
TO HIS  
READERS.

MY LORDS, LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE following *Minutiae*, or *Bags o' Tails*, as MAJOR STURGEON *very learnedly* calls them, were, at first, *scribbled* at leisure hours from the Duties of his Parish, to please *himself*: and afterwards revised, corrected, and amended with his best endeavours, and hopes also, to please his kind, candid, and good natured READERS: being desirous to try what he could do towards their amusement and improvement, both in their *serious* and *laughing* hours, from the *Press* as well

vi : *The Translator's Address*

as the *Pulpit*.—As the *Roman* Language is well known by the *Learned* to have a peculiar happiness in *Brevity* and *Perspicuity* for the *EPIGRAMMATICAL* way of Writing, the *TRANSLATOR* is too sensible how very far he must fall short here of the great beauties, strength, and spirit of his *ORIGINALS* in his Attempt : and though he understands no other *modern* Language but *his own*, Yet he supposes, from its capaciousness and closeness, that it is as good an *Alembic*, or *Still*, into which to draw off the *Latin*, as any other that is now in use ; but it requires an hand very much superior to *his*, and one that has been long and well skilled in the art of *Distillation*, to transfuse its *liberal spirit* and *fine essence* into an *English* Vessel, without greatly *evaporating*.—However, he has endeavoured to do his best, and so far hopes that his *Chymical* Operation will be accepted. He hopes also, that his *Learned READERS* will forgive him in his *TRANSLATIONS* and *IMITATIONS* for not sticking so much altogether to the *Letter*, since he has endeavoured to keep up the *Spirit* of his *EPIGRAMS* and *MOTTOS* throughout : it being, perhaps, so far, no less true of *TRANSLATIONS*, &c. than of the *Law of Moses* and the

the *Gospel*, viz. "That the *LETTER* *killeth*,  
 "but the *SPIRIT* *giveth Life*."—As some  
 of his READERS, perhaps, may not so well  
 understand what an EPIGRAM is, or, at  
 least, have a *clear* notion of it, He will pre-  
 sent Them here (as being the most proper  
 Place) with an explanation of it by that very  
 ingenious Gentleman, Mr. WARTON, Pro-  
 fessor of Poetry in Oxford: being the very  
 best that the TRANSLATOR ever heard, and  
 will therefore infinitely better explain it than  
 any thing which he can pretend to say of it  
 himself.

XX.

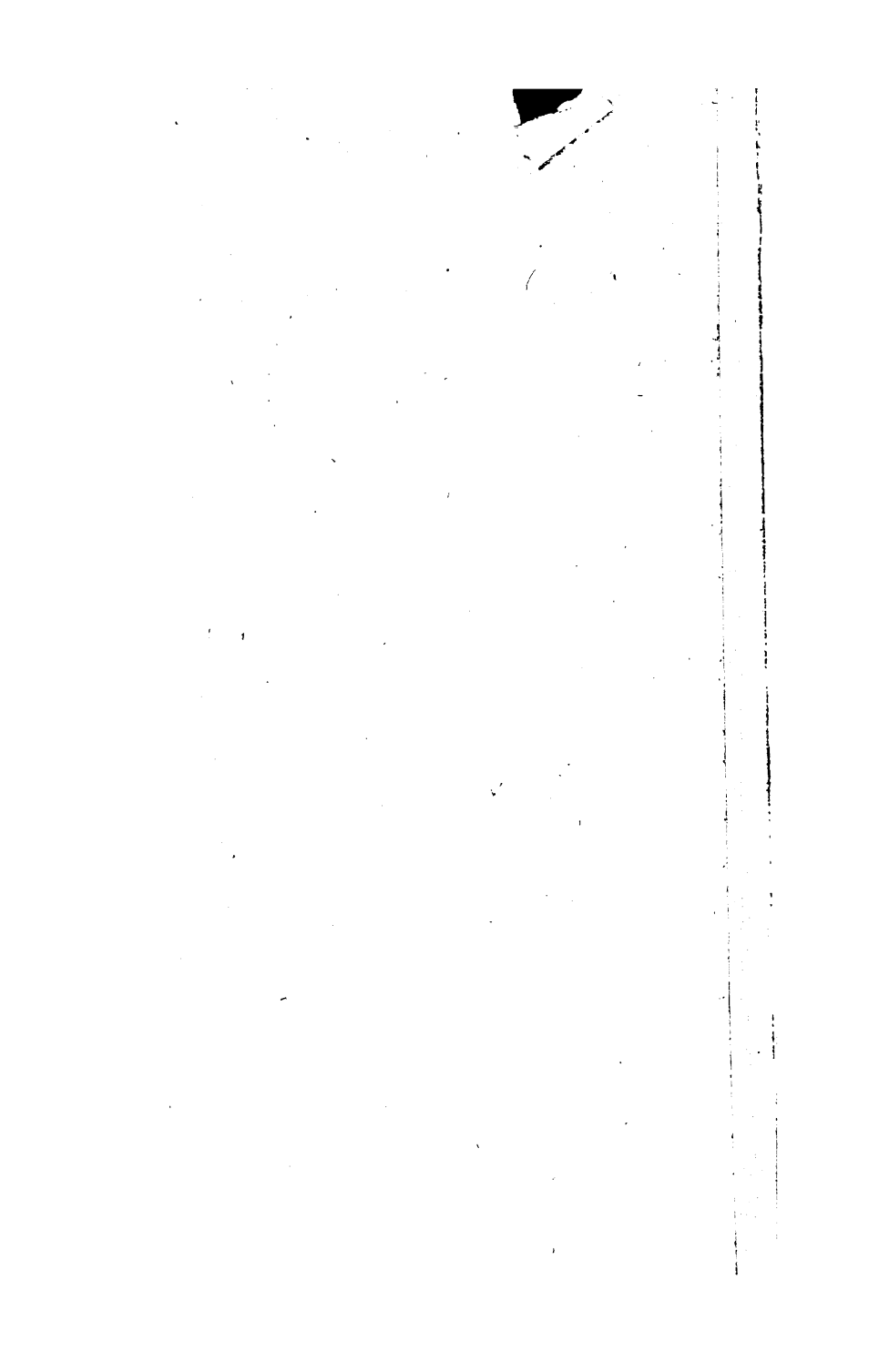
AN EPIGRAM upon AN EPIGRAM.

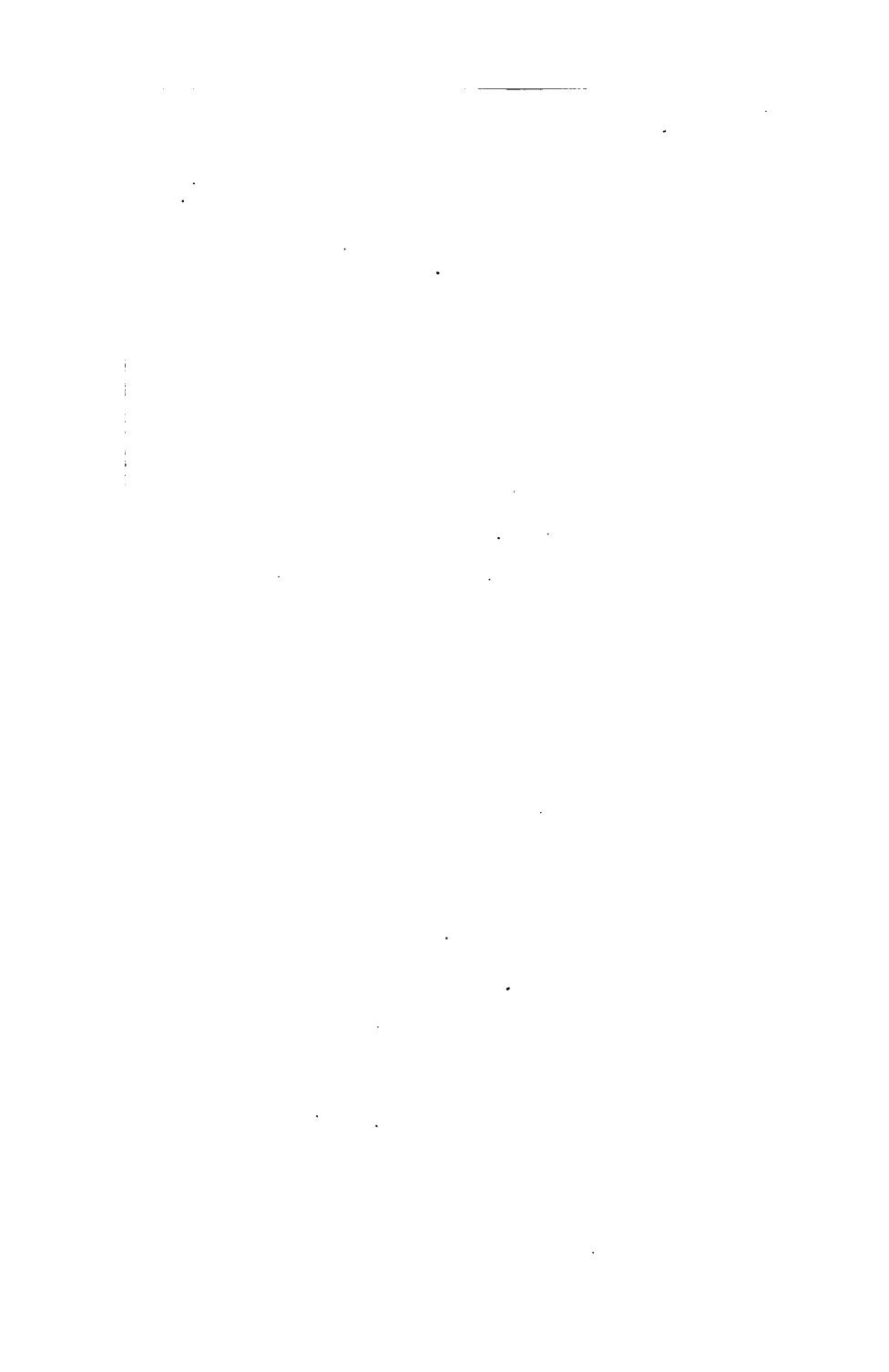
One day in *Christ-Church* Meadows walking,  
 Of Poetry, and such things talking,  
 Says RALPH, a merry Wag!  
 "AN EPIGRAM, if right and good,  
 "In all it's circumstances should  
 "Be like a JELLY-BAG."

"Your *Simile*, I own, is *new*,  
 "But how dost make it out?" quoth  
 HUGH.

Quoth RALPH, "I'll tell thee, Friend!  
 "Make it o'top both *wide*, and fit  
 "To hold a Budget-full of *Wit*.  
 "And point it at the *end*."

The







## x      *The Translator's Address*

*Root* Day, two such bright *MIRROURS* held up before their eyes in which to view Themselves, for *Conjugal, Parental, Domestic, and Social Duties* !—But no more—lest the *TRANSLATOR* should be charged, or even *suspected*, by Those who *don't* know him, of A *VICE*, which he does from his Soul detest and abhor ! and therefore can truly say with his ever-admired Friend *HORACE*.

“ *Di bene fecerunt, inopis Me quodque  
pufilli*

“ *Finxerunt animi !*”

“ Thanks to The Gods ! who've form'd  
Me of a Mind

“ *Humble, yet honest : if severe, yet kind !*”

He has now endeavoured to serve up at The *Public Table*, (by way of A *NEW YEAR'S DISSEAT*) a *small Dish* of *various sorts of Fruit* ; and as there is variety of *Constitutions*, as well as *Faces and Opinions*, if he has but hit your *Palates in general* (it being impossible to please *all*) in *exhilarating the Mind and amending the Heart*, he shall think his time to have been not only most agreeably, but also usefully spent ; a taste of which, after *Dinner*, will do mighty well with a generous glass of *Tokay, Fratinia*, or *best Port*, to promote *Per-  
spiration*.

Inspiration by that best Channel of all, LAUGHTER, is highly necessary therefore to be brought to Table, directly after the Cloth is taken away, by his Grace's or Lordship's Gentleman or Butler, who value their Masters healths: to relieve the Statesman from Public Affairs, and the Woman of Quality when she has nothing to do: the Merchant or Citizen when he comes from Change, and the honest Tradesman behind the Counter, when his Shop is free from Customers;—Nay—He will not think his little Book at all in disgrace, if he should hear it was found in the Steward's Room, Butler's Pantry, Mrs. Abigail's Dressing Room, or even snatched up in an hurry by Mr. John the Footman, when my Lord's or Lady's Coach is waiting at the door to take an airing in Hyde Park, the New Road, or the Environs of THE CITY:

“For Books, like Dishes, various Palates strike,

“Since ALL *must* eat, tho' ALL mayn't taste alike.”

“To be now,” Gentle Reader, (as WE say in *The Pulpit*) “drawing towards a conclusion,” The TRANSLATOR hopes that the Novelty of his PLAN will recommend it

to

## xiii      *The Translator's Address*

to the favour of *The Public*; for though We have some of MARTIAL's and many other *Modern EPIGRAMS* dispersed in various Writers, and excellently well translated: Yet very few, or none, have been so particularly adapted and address'd as in this *Little Work*.—His excursions now and then into the regions of *Fancy*, particularly the MOTTOS address'd to LORD NORTH, &c. and the EPIGRAMS to Mr. CHARLES FOX, Mr. RIGBY, &c.—will, he also hopes, be excus'd: and therefore has marked his *Translation* or *Imitation* of them with small Figures, as References: His omitting *some* Names, and abridging *others*, is owing to such Motives as the READER's own Generosity and Humanity will very easily suggest: it being a Point with the TRANSLATOR, never (knowingly or willfully) to lose the character of the *Man* and the *Gentleman* in that of the *Satirist*. But as the word *Satirist* conveys with it the Idea of *Severity* and *Ill-Nature*, He would be very sorry to be considered by his READERS in that disagreeable light: for it must needs be very painfull to any man who is not lost to all sensibility, to go into Company, have the whisper go round, “& digito monstrari, & dicier *hic est!*” “and pointed at for A SATIRIST!”

No—

No—as *Heaven* and *Himself* can best tell *his own* manifold Failings and Infirmities : if they will please to consider him as a Man of *Pleasantry* and *Humour* only, the happiness so done to Him, will be far superiour to the honour of it!—If it is objected to Him by *some*, “ That He is (in general) *rude, impertinent, and supercilious* :” and by *others* perhaps, *scurrilous and abusive* to his SUPERIOURS, especially to his *Reverend FATHERS* and *BRETHREN*, and thus may bring him under the imputation of being an *Enemy* to THE *CLERGY*, He begs leave, in defence of Himself, to say, “ That he is extremely sorry to have so much occasion (through the *Infestious FOLLY* and *CORRUPTION* of *The Times* !) to make any observations upon them at all !” but he hopes that the *sensible* and *worthy* part of Them (with whose good Opinion, Favour, and Esteem he shall ever think himself honoured !) will be pleased to observe, “ That it is by no means THE *SACRED FUNCTION* at which he aims, but at the *base and mercenary* ends in the disposal of *CHURCH-Preferment* : and at those *unworthy* Successors of THE *APOSTLES*, who have so far forgot the dignity of their high Office of being “ *The Ambassadors of Heaven*,” as to depreciate it’s original and noble value

xiv      *The Translator's Address*

with the *base Alley* of WORLDLY Views ;—  
 No—He honours that SACRED ORDER too  
 much to be guilty of such ungratefull, un-  
 dutifull Behaviour : and will presume to  
 say, “ That no Man living has a more  
 profound respect for it, or can have the  
*worthy* part of them in greater esteem and  
 reverence ;” and to give Them the utmost  
 proofs he is able of the sincerity and honesty  
 of his Heart in this point : He does most  
 seriously and solemnly protest, “ That,  
 was it in his power, He would buy in all the  
 IMPROPRIATIONS in *England*, and present  
 them to the CHURCH in a full Convocation ;  
 and should have as much real Pleasure and  
 satisfaction in seeing THE CHURCH'S *Tempo-  
 ralities* restored to her CLERGY, as They  
 could have Themselves, in having the *First  
 Fruits* and *Tenths* remitted to Them by  
 “ the *Piety* of an AUGUSTA !” If it is,  
 also, objected to him, “ That he is guilty  
 of gross *Flattery* and *Adulation* to THE KING,  
 by his complimentary MOTTOES, CARD, and  
 NUTES to Him in this Volume of EPI-  
 GRAMS, &c. as also in his SERMON ;”—He  
 begs leave to defend himself by the follow-  
 ing Answer ;—“ That *those* who start this  
 Objection, seem to know very little of His  
 MAJESTY.—For in the *First Place*—Tho’  
 the

the *Translator* may well be supposed from his own *Obscurity* and vast *distance* from COURT, to know very little of PERSONS or THINGS there, *Himself*: Yet he will venture to say, That *They* who can *justly* charge him with this mean, low, paultry, unmanly, ungenerous VICE, know no more of the KING than *He* does.—It is well known that the fulsome Compliments paid to His MAJESTY on his coming to *The Crown*, by two or three COURT CHAPLAINS (the *present* Dr. W—— and the *late* Dr. N——) in their Sermons preached at *St. James's*, (in November 1760) gave HIM *such* disgust, as that He was heard to express it in *The Drawing Room* after Chapel was over, and an hint was given Them to forbear *such* Expressions for the future; and therefore, if THE KING's Humility and Good Sense expressed such an aversion *then*, how much more would it do so *now*! What the *Translator* has said both *here* and in his *Sermon*, is only the general Opinion and Voice of ALL THOSE who know HIS MAJESTY well:—Besides—Though the KING is the *Fountain Head* of all Church and State PREJUDICES, as nothing is valid without the *Royal Sign Manual*: Yet in the disposal of them, (as Kings in *this* case *must* see and

xvi      *The Translators Address*

hear with the eyes and ears of others) his PREMIER is the Channel through which They flow; and therefore if the Translator was a Praferment-Hunter, it would naturally be expected that Lord North should be flattered, and not The King; (though by the way he is afraid that his Lordship will hardly forgive him for his flattering him so much already.) But however—If he is still to be accused of Flattery, he rather chose to be thought guilty of it towards the KING, as not having it in his power to give him any, and therefore is the very last Gentleman in the Kingdom to whom, of himself, he would apply for any! Now this is acting quite contrary to the Way of the World, as Those are most flattered, from whom the most is expected: But the Translator, in short, chooses to act thus, (with all due respect and reverence!) rather than give his Mind the Lye, or forfeit that which is the best of all Characters in this World, AN HONEST MAN! Those that know THE KING best, to Them only he desires to appeal; and if They can fairly and justly accuse him of Flattery: why then, may he be posted up in all the Public Places of London and Westminster, for the most servile, mean, poultry Sycephant, and arrantest Liar that ever disgraced

graced his Profession and Country!—Once more, If he is thought rather too tedious in his NOTES, he begs leave to answer, “ That he had solely in view the READER’s satisfaction, which would have been *less* indulged, had he been *less* explicit, both as to little historical and other Anecdotes, Morality, and Humour.” —As he has dealt thus *freely* with others: So They have undoubtedly, an equal right to be as pleasant upon *Him*, to which they are most heartily welcome! But let them observe this one thing, “ That he has never *once* dipped his Pen in GALL, it being a *Liquor* ever most odious and detestable to him!—’Tis true—He has made frequent use of a *Liquor* which the *Greeks* call OXYMEL, that is “ a Mixture of HONEY and VINEGAR:” and sometimes, perhaps, the *last* may get the ascendancy over the *first*: But if his *Irony*, *Banter*, *Satire*, call it what You please, is, at any time, thought somewhat severe, it has two of the best pillars in the World to support and recommend it, “ viz.” TRUTH and GOOD NATURE!—In *former* little Publications of his, he has had so many *Arrows* shot at him from *The Critics*, that he is now prepared for their whole *Quiver*: and, among other pleasant strokes, expects to be told with the late Dr. TRAPP,



xviii *The Translator's Address, &c.*

“ Mind but thy *Preaching*. S—

“ *Translate* no further :

“ Is it not written

“ Thou shalt do no MURDER !”

As the great Mr. WOLLASTON finely and justly observes, “ That there is a great deal of difference between the “ *Helluo Librorum*,” or, “ *were Book-Worm*,” and “ the “ *TRUE Scholar* :”—So, from the *first*, or the *pretended* Critic, he expects no quarter : and therefore leaves to their *generous* Sentiments, and *candid* Consideration the two following lines (with a small addition) of the ever-memorable IRISH DEAN,

“ *Hated* by KNAVES and FOOLS; and *each* to hate,”

“ *Be that* his everlasting *Motto* and his *Fate* !”

But with the *last* (the *TRUE Scholar* or *Critic*) he is free from the least fears or apprehensions of experiencing as much Candour as his heart can wish ! being fully persuaded of the truth of that well-known and well-grounded Maxim, and with which he will now relieve the patience of his READERS,

“ That as the *BEST Christians* are always the *MOST FAVOURABLE* in their Opinions of *Other Men's Lives* and *Conversations* :

“ so the *BEST Scholars* are always the *MOST CANDID Critics*,”

*December 21, 1772.*

# T H E C O N T E N T S.

## P A R T I.

<i>Introductory Mottos</i>	—	—	—	1 & 2
<i>Introductory Epigram</i>	—	—	—	3

## E P I G R A M S.

I. To Lord <i>Chessterfield</i>	—	—	—	5
II. To the Hon. Mr. <i>Charles Fox</i>	—	—	—	6
III. To the <i>Chamberlain of London</i>	—	—	—	7
IV. To the Right Hon. Mr. <i>Rigby</i>	—	—	—	9
V. To <i>William Parns, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	10
VI. To the Hon. Mrs. <i>Lawes</i>	—	—	—	11
VII. To <i>Lady Jane</i> * * *	—	—	—	12
VIII. To the Honourable Mr. <i>Berkley</i>	—	—	—	13
IX. To Mr. <i>Foots</i>	—	—	—	14
X. To ——— <i>Turville, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	15
XI. To the Honourable Mr. <i>Morris</i>	—	—	—	16
XII. To the late Lord and Lady <i>Sutherland</i>	—	—	—	17
XIII. To the Reverend <i>Anti-Sejanus</i>	—	—	—	18
XIV. To the Hon: <i>J. M. and Lady Mary</i>	—	—	—	19
XV. To <i>Edward Green, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	ibid
XVI. To the Honourable Mr. and Lady <i>Webb</i>	—	—	—	20
XVII. To Mr. <i>Wilkes</i>	—	—	—	22
XVIII. To <i>Garrick, Colman, and Foots</i>	—	—	—	23
XIX. To any <i>Prince or Potentate</i>	—	—	—	24
XX. To Sir <i>William Draper</i>	—	—	—	25
XXI. To Dr. <i>Vaughan</i>	—	—	—	26
XXII. To <i>John Townsend, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	27
XXIII. To Lord <i>L</i> * * *	—	—	—	ib.
XXIV. To Sir <i>William Fleming</i>	—	—	—	ib.
XXV. To Lady <i>B. Lane, Mrs. Garrick, &amp;c.</i>	—	—	—	28
XXVI. To <i>Garrick, Colman, and Foots</i>	—	—	—	30
XXVII. To Lady <i>R——, &amp;c.</i>	—	—	—	31
XXVIII. To ——— <i>Vaubeythysen, junior, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	ib.
XXIX. To	—	—	—	

# xx CONTENTS.

XXIX. To <del>Richardson</del> , Esq.	32
XXX. To Miss Ray	33
XXXI. To James Tweed, Esq.	ib.
XXXII. To the Lord Mayor	34
XXXIII. To Henry Walton, Esq.	35
XXXIV. To Lady Betty Hamilton and the Duke of Devonshire	37
XXXV. To Lord Beauchamp	39
XXXVI. To Sir John Turner	40
XXXVII. To Lord George ***** and Lady Mary ***	
XXXVIII. To Dr. Heberden	44
XXXIX. To Mr. Alderman Halifax	45
XL. To Mr. Moses *** an eminent Jew-Mer- chant	46
XLI. To Lady Almeria Carpenter, and the Dutchess of Beaufort	48
XLII. To Lord Richard Cavendish	ib.
XLIII. To the Honorable Mrs. Bailey	49
XLIV. To Mr. Neville Maskelyne	50
XLV. To Mr. Wilkes	51
XLVI. To Lords M——n, S——b, Duke of G——n, &c.	54
XLVII. To Lady A——r, Hon. Miss W——t, &c.	57
XLVIII. To Miss Kennedy	ib.
XLIX. To the Hon. Miss Sophia W——	58
L. To Counsellor Maddox	ib.
LI. To Dr. Rock	59
LII. To the Duke of ***	ib.
LIII. To Lord L——, and the Hon. Mr. Bailey	60
LIV. To all the Bastards in the three Kingdoms	61
LV. To all the Cuckolds	62
LVI. To Mr. Carlos *** a City-Merchant	63
LVII. To George Bellows, Esq.	ib.
LVIII. To the Duke of G——,	64
LIX. To Colonel K——y	65
LX. To the Duke and Dutchess of Marlborough	66
LXI. To a well-known General Officer	ib.
LXII. To	

# CONTENTS. xxi

LXII. To a certain late <i>Highwayman</i> , and the <i>Ordinary of Newgate</i> —	67
---	----

## M O T T O S.

I. To the <i>King</i> —	68
II. To the <i>King</i> and <i>Queen</i> —	70
III. To the <i>Prince of Wales</i> —	72
IV. To Lord <i>North</i> —	76
V. To a celebrated <i>General Officer</i> —	78
VI. To Lord O —, and the late <i>Dutchess</i> of G —, &c. —	79
VII. To Lord H —, Sir L — D —, Hon. Charles <i>Wilson</i> , &c. —	80
VIII. To the <i>People</i> in London and Westminster —	ib.
IX. To — <i>Gibbs</i> , Esq. &c. —	81
X. To Lord H — — —	82
XI. To the <i>Premier</i> , Lord <i>Mansfield</i> , &c. —	ib.
XII. To Lords <i>Bute</i> and <i>Holland</i> —	82
XIII. To the <i>Dutchess</i> of <i>Richmond</i> , <i>Lady Pen-</i> <i>broke</i> , Hon. Miss <i>Tryon</i> , &c. —	84
XIV. To <i>Madam Cornelys</i> , &c. —	85
XV. To the <i>People</i> of <i>England</i> —	86
XVI. To <i>Parson H —</i> —	87
XVII. To <i>Mr. Woodward</i> , in <i>Masque</i> —	88
XVIII. To the twelve <i>City Companies</i> —	ib.

## P. A. R. T. II.

### M O T T O

To the <i>Translator</i> himself —	92
XIX. To <i>William Burchell</i> , Esq. —	91
XX. To the late Sir <i>Bullface Doubles</i> —	93
XXI. To Sir <i>W. Duncan</i> or <i>Browne</i> —	94
XXII. To the Rev. Messrs. <i>Rider</i> , <i>Dodd</i> , &c. —	96
XXIII. To <i>Lady Huntingdon</i> , the Rev. Messrs. <i>Hawes</i> and <i>Madan</i> , &c. —	98
XXIV. To Sir <i>James Eyre</i> , and <i>George Hill</i> , Esq. —	99
XXV. To — — —	100

XXV. To the Rev. Messrs. Scott (the Translator)	
Dodd, &c.	102
XXVI. To all such of the Clergy, &c.	103
XXVII. To Old Money Trap, in Thames-street	105
XXVIII. To the Demi-Reps	106
XXIX. To Sir William Browne	107
XXX. To Dr. Hill, Norton, &c.	109
XXXI. To Lieutenant-Colonel Stab Rag, Ludgate-Hill, &c.	111
XXXII. To Lady S. S. Kensington, &c.	113
XXXIII. To Sir G. Savill, Sir W. W. Wynne, &c.	116
XXXIV. To the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council	118
XXXV. To Governor Roberts, &c.	120
XXXVI. To Lord Effing-Howard,	121
XXXVII. To Mr. Kenrick, &c.	122
XXXVIII. To the Four Houses of Parliament, and Convocation,	123
XXXIX. To the Hon. Sir T. W—,	125
XL. To Lady Charlotte Finch	126
XLI. To the Archbishop of Canterbury	128
XLII. To the late Lord Chancellor H—,	130
XLIII. To the Rev. Mr. Scott, (the Translator) &c.	132
XLIV. To Serjeant D—,	134
XLV. To the late William Pitt, Esq.	135
XLVI. To a very worthy Bench,	138
XLVII. To all un-packed Juries and un-bribed Judges,	139
XLVIII. To all honest Country Curates	141
XLIX. To all Rectors, Vicars, &c.	144
L. To all Arch-deacons, Apparitors, &c.	146
LI. To all Moor-fields, Rag-fair, and Hockley-o'-th'-Hole Brokers,	147
LII. To Lord B—,	140
LIII. To all Master Builders,	154
LIV. To Doctor Buskin, Old Jewry	153
LV. To	

# CONTENTS. xxiii

LV. To the Revd. Messrs. <i>Harley, Forrester,</i> <i>Dodd, &amp;c.</i>	156
LVI. To Lord <i>Barrington, Chatham, &amp;c.</i>	158
LVII. To the late Lord <i>Baltimore,</i>	161
LVIII. To Lord C—P—. Governor S—. Lord H— &c.	164
LIX. To Lady <i>Harrington, &amp;c.</i>	166
LX. To Mr. <i>Fordyce, &amp;c.</i>	169
LXI. To the frequenters of <i>White's, Almacks,</i> &c.	171
LXII. To the Lord <i>Bishop of * * *</i>	173
LXIII. To all refractory and jealous <i>Husbands.</i>	176
LXIV. To Messrs. <i>T. Walpole, Onslow, Harley,</i> &c.	178
LXV. To Lord <i>Townsend.</i>	180
LXVI. To Lord <i>Weymouth</i>	ditto
LXVII. To Lord <i>Falmouth</i>	182
LXVIII. To Sir <i>Lawrence Dundas &amp;c.</i>	ditto
LXIX. To Lord <i>Weymouth, &amp;c.</i>	182
LXX. To Sir <i>G. Calthbrooke, &amp;c.</i>	ditto
LXXI. To the Hon. Mr. <i>Cholm—y</i>	183
LXXII. To Sir <i>G. Elliot, cream coloured Tommy,</i> &c. &c.	185
LXXIII. To the Hon. <i>Stephen Fox</i>	187
LXXIV. To Lord <i>Holderness</i>	188
LXXV. To our Lords and Ladies of <i>Quality</i>	189
LXXVI. To Sir <i>T. Robinson</i>	190
LXXVII. To Lord <i>S. Hamilton</i>	ditto
LXXVIII. To General <i>Paoli</i>	191
LXXIX. To Sol. <i>Flinn Esq;</i>	192
LXXX. To Mrs. <i>Clive</i>	194
LXXXI. To the <i>Macaronies</i>	195
LXXXII. To a celebrated <i>Female Singer</i>	196
LXXXIII. To a pretended <i>Patriotic Parson</i>	198
LXXXIV. To Alderman <i>Harley, &amp;c.</i>	201
LXXXV. To Lady <i>Spencer</i>	ditto
LXXXVI. To Mrs. <i>Barry</i>	202
LXXXVII. To the <i>Bencher of the Temple</i>	204
LXXXVIII. To Doctor <i>M.</i>	206
LXXXIX. To	

# xxiv CONTENTS.

XXXIX. To the Right Rev. the Dean and Chap- ter of <i>Christ Church</i>	268
XC. To the Ladies and Men of Quality in Broad St. <i>Giles's, Hockley's the Hole, &amp;c.</i>	211
XCI. To the whole Body of the Jews	213
XCII. To Lord <i>Lyttleton</i>	214
XCIII. To the <i>Dutchess of Newcastle</i>	ditto
XCIV. To a certain Court Chaplain	215
XCV. To the late Mrs. <i>Arne</i>	219
XCVI. To Sir <i>James Hodges</i>	220
XCVII. To Mr. <i>Garrick</i>	222
XCVIII. To Mr. Deputy <i>Rush</i>	223
XCIX. To Lord <i>H—d</i>	225
C. To the Hon. Mrs. <i>Walter</i>	226
CI. To Lord <i>Dartmouth</i>	227
CII. To Mr. <i>Foots</i>	ditto
CIII. To the Ladies	228
CIV. To the King of <i>Prussia</i>	232
EPICRAM (Extempore) To Mr. <i>Garrick</i> ,	233
Another (Ditto)	ib.
EPIC. (Ditto) To Mr. <i>Calman</i>	234
EPIC. (Ditto) To Miss <i>Pope</i> ,	ib.
CV. To the <i>Johnians</i> ,	235
CVI. To Lord <i>Chesterfield</i> ,	238
EPIC. To Pope <i>Clement the IVth</i>	239
CVII. To the Memory of good <i>Queen Bess</i>	241
CVIII. To <i>Charles Vere, Esq.</i>	246
CIX. To all such of our Nobility, Gentry, Mer- chants, &c.	251
CX. To Mr. <i>Moody</i> , in the Character of <i>Teague</i> ,	253
CXI. To the King, (Queen, &c.)	258
CXII. and LAST. The <i>The Translator to his</i> <i>Readers.</i>	261

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M A R T I A L's  
EPIGRAMS, &c.

P A R T I.

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS, &c.

QUICQUID agunt homines, nostri est  
*farrago libelli* Juv.

THE folly, vice, and nonsense of *the Town*,  
Are in these *various pages* fully shewn.

B

— sunt



——— sunt certa *piacula*, quæ te  
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello ;—  
Nemo adeò *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,  
Si modo *Cultura* patientem commodet aurem ?  
HOR.

Some *charms* (perhaps) which in the follow-  
ing book  
Being thrice read *o'er*, may give a cheerful  
look !  
No one's so much the *tiger* or the *bear*,  
If but to gentle *discipline* he'll lend a patient  
ear.

——— si quid novisti *rectius* ISTIS,  
Candidus imperti : si non, His utere mecum.  
HOR.

If *better* recipes than THESE you know,  
Impart them kindly—and I'll take them so ;  
If not—be fully satisfy'd with THESE ;  
They'll answer quite your purpose, if You  
please.

---

## INTRODUCTORY EPIGRAM.

---

*Ad Lectorem, ubi Libri venales sunt.*

**Q**UI tecum cupis esse meos ubicunque  
libellos,

Et comites longæ quæris habere viæ :  
Hos eme, quos arctat brevibus membrana tabellis ;

Scrinia da magnis : me *manus una* capit.

Perlege *Mænio* cantatas carmine *ranas*,

Et frontem *nugis* solvere disce meis.

Ne tamen ignores ubi sis venalis, & erres

\* *Urbe* vagus totâ : me duce, certus eris ;

Libertum docti *Lucensis* quære SECUNDUM,

Limina post *Pacis Palladiumque* forum.

*The TRANSLATOR to the READER, where  
Books are sold.*

Where you go, if you'd have a few books to  
defend you,

And on a long journey have one to attend  
you,

#### 4 INTRODUCTORY EPIGRAM.

Buy those, whose short sides a small skin does  
 go over,  
 As for great ones lock up, me your *one hand*  
 will cover.  
 Read old *Homer* himself, ev'n there you will  
 find  
*Frogs* and *mice* waging war, and some things  
 of like kind ;  
 And if You can be struck with such foibles as  
 these,  
 I hope that my *trifles* their readers will please.  
 But that you may know where I'm sold, and  
 may'nt stray  
 All over the city, I'll shew you the way ;  
 Ask for WILKIE's fam'd shop, near the church  
 of *St. Paul*,  
 Where this book may be had by whoever will  
 call.

(*Unumquemque*) hominem PAGINA nostra  
 sapit !

Since *All* then have a gentle touch,  
 Your money here you will not \* grutch :  
 Why so ?—Because THE BOOK is such  
 As will in FUN give *twice* as much !

EPI-

N O T E.

\* For *grudge*, only rhythm-sake.

EPIGRAM I.

*Ad* MARCUM PRIMUM ANTONIUM, *quem*  
*gratulatur de Vitâ feliciter actâ.*

Jam numerat placido felix ANTONIUS ævo  
Quindecies actas PRIMUS Olympiadas;  
Præteritofque dies, & totos respicit annos,  
Nec metuit *Lethe* jam propioris aquas;  
Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata, gravisque,  
Nulla fuit cujus non meminisse velit;  
Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi Vir bonus: hoc  
est  
Vivere bis: Vitâ posse priore frui.

*To the truly Honourable and Venerable* NESTOR,  
*of Stanhope-Street, May-Fair: a Congra-*  
*ulation on a Life happily spent.*

While good CHESTERFIELD'S LORD, on  
the verge of four-score,  
Counts his years in an happy old age:  
He with pleasure looks back on his time heretofore,  
Nor \* fears *Lethe's* streams to engage;

B 3.

To

N O T E.

\* A Poetical description of "Death."

## 6 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To a *good* man's remembrance, each day bears  
its price,  
As the thought's not attended with pain :  
For as *Virtue* life lengthens : this is to live  
*twice*,  
By enjoying life over again.

### EPIGRAM II.

*De PAULLA, Vetulâ dotatâ.*

(1) Nubere *Paulla* cupit nobis : (2) ego  
ducere *Paullam*  
Nolo—(3) *Anus* est—(4) vellem si *magis*  
esset *Anus*!

To the Honourable CHARLES FOX, Esq. on  
a Proposal made to him to marry a rich old  
Maid.

(1) LADY BAB, tho' turn'd *fifty*, yet  
hot I should wed her,

But I being not very willing to marry,  
Told a friend, (3) "She was old—(2) so  
could ne'er think to bed her,"

And therefore desir'd time longer to tarry ;  
At this being nettled, she flew in a rage,  
And pouted, as she was ne'er courted be-  
fore,

Poh ! said I, I mistook, she is quite *under age*.

(4) "Oh ! would she was now but an  
*hundred*, or *more*!"

EPI-

EPIGRAM III.

*Ad DECIANUM, Virum integrum.*

Si quis erit, raros inter numerandus amicos,  
Quales prisca fides, famaue novit anus :  
Si quis, Cecropiæ madidus, Latiniæque Mi-  
nervæ  
Artibus, aut verâ simplicitate bonus :  
Si quis erit recti custos, imitator honesti,  
\* Et nihil *arcano* qui roget ore Deos :  
Si quis erit magnæ subnixus robore mentis,  
Dispercam ! si non hic DECIANUS erit !

*To the Honourable Sir STEPHEN THEODORE  
JANSSEN, Bart. Chamberlain of the City of  
London.—A Man of Integrity.*

If there's one shall arise amongst all his rare  
friends,  
Whose fam'd honour and virtue knows no  
private ends :  
If One, whose great skill leaves us much at a  
strife,  
If in arts he excels, or most simple in life :  
If

## 8 EPIGRAMS *and* MOTTOES

If One, who's the guardian of Honesty's  
cause,

\* And in *secret* asks nothing against divine  
laws :

If there's One, who on greatness of mind  
builds his plan,

May I die, if the CHAMBERLAIN won't be  
the man !

### EPIGRAM IV.

*Ad POSTHUMUM, quando ebrium, promittentem  
quidlibet, sed succum, nihil peragitem.*

(1) *Omnia promittis, cum tota nocte bibisti :-*

(2) *Mane nihil præstas : Posthume, (3)  
mane bibe.*

To

### N O T E.

\* The custom of the *Ancients*, to which this line alludes, makes the sense of it, in *our* translation, appear somewhat strange ; but the *English* reader will be pleased to observe, " That *they* had such a notion of *public* worship, that *private* prayers were supposed to contain in them something not altogether so beneficial either to public or private welfare."

*Translated, imitated, &c.*

*B*

To the Right Hon. RICHARD RIGBY, Esq.  
*When mellow, promising every Thing, but  
when sober, performing nothing.*

(1) " You are full of promises, my friend !  
When you are drunk *all night* :"  
And say that every thing shall end  
To all my wishes quite.

(2) " But in the *morn* you nothing do,"  
And therefore be advis'd :

(3) " Be drunk both *night and morning too*."  
Your word will then be priz'd :

EPIGRAM W.

*Ad PRISCUM, de moribus futuri divitis.*

Sæpe rogare soles qualis sum, *Prisce*, futurus,  
Si fiam *locuples*, sique repente *potens*,  
Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros ?  
Dic mihi, si fias tu *Leo*, qualis-eris ?

To



10 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To WILLIAM PARS, Esq. Portrait-Painter,  
in Percy-Street, Tottenham-Court-Road.—  
*About a Man's future Behaviour was be  
Great.*

You've often been used, *my good friend*, for  
to ask  
What sort of a man I might prove.  
Was I *rich* or soon *great*? but 'tis no easy  
task,  
For 'faith I can't tell you, by Jove!

For who do You think, of the men that are  
here \*

Can his manners divine, that You see?  
And was you at *Jonathan's bull* or a *bear*,  
Pray what sort of *beast* would you be?

EPIGRAM VI.

In LESBIAM *Vetulam*, *cupidam putari multo  
juniozem!*

Consule, te, *Brute*, quid juras, *Lesbia*, natam?  
Mentiris—nata es, *Lesbia*, rege *Numa*:  
*Sic* quoque mentiris—namque ut tua sæcula  
narrant,  
*Ficta Prometheus* dicentis esse *Luto*.

To

N O T E.

\* As they were walking together in the Park.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 21

*To the Honourable Mrs. LAWES, near Hyde-Park, very old, but affects to be thought much younger.*

Why do you swear that you was born  
In good *Queen Anna's* reign ?  
You're out—for by your face forlorn,  
In *James's*, it is plain ;

Nay *here* you're out,—for as your age  
Does shew, (as one may say)  
That you was form'd, and in a rage,  
\* Of the *Promethean Clay* !

EPICRAM VII.

*In PROCULIAM, quæ, ob avaritiam, a marito  
ejus discessit.*

- (1) Mense novo *Jani*, veterem, *Proculia*,  
Maritum  
Deferis, (2) atque jubes res sibi habere  
suas ;  
(3) Quid, rogo, quid factum est ? subiti  
quæ causa doloris ?  
Nil mihi respondes—dicam ego, *Prætor* erit.  
(4)

N O T E.

\* A poetical description of " extreme Old Age."

12 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

(4) *Constatuta fuit Megalensis purpura centum  
Millibus, (5.) ut nimirum munera parca  
dares :*

*Et (4.) populare sacrum bis millia dena tulisset  
(6.) Diffidium non est hoc, Presidia, (7)  
lucrum est !*

*To LADY JANE \*\*\* of Lime-Street-Ward,  
who, through Avarice, left her Husband. \**

(1) *On Michaelmas Eve, it is said, Lady Jane,  
From your husband that you did clope :  
And tell him, " that he was the cause of your  
pain :"*

(2) *" So you bid him go e'en take a rope !"*

(3) *I ask what's the matter ?—the cause of  
your sorrow ?*

*But nothing you answer again :*

*I'll tell you, " That he will be Lord-Mayor  
to-morrow :"*

*So now your disorder is plain ;*

(4) *Feasts at Easter, Old-Bailey, and grave  
Judges Shrovet,*

*And many past generous treats :*

*But (5) you grudge ev'ry farthing of money  
that goes*

*Towards making him fit for such feasts :*

(6) *This*

N O T E.

\* An affair, that was said to make great stir and  
fun in the city, towards the end of the late King's  
reign.

- (6) This is not what alarm'd *Lime-Street-Ward* at the first,  
 So to Them I'll the *true* cause explain :  
 (7) You pine and are famish'd with "*Gold's*  
*sacred thirst,*"  
 And all your concern then is *Gain*.

EPIGRAM VIII.

*In QUEMQUAM variè se tondentem.*

*Pars maxillarum tonsa est tibi, pars tibi rasa est :*

*Pars vulsa est : unum quis putet esse caput ?*

*To the Honourable CHARLES BERKLEY, Esq-  
 May-Fair ; à Man of Honour and Integrity,  
 but now and then shaves a little comically.*

While your cheeks are part *shav'd*, *scrap'd*,  
 and part *pluck'd* away :  
 Who the d——I can't think you've but *one*  
 head, I pray !

EPIGRAM IX.

*Epitaphium LATINI, excellentis Mimi.*

(2) Dulce decus Scenæ ! Ludorum fama !

(1) LATINUS

Ille ego sum, (2) *plausus*, *deliciæque* tuæ !

C

(3) Qui

# 14 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

(3) Qui spectatorem potui fecisse *Catonem*,  
Solvere qui *Curios Fabriciosque* graves ;

(4) Sed nihil à nostro sumpsit mea vita *Theatro*  
Et solâ tantùm scenicus arte feror. \*

To Mr. FOOTE, the Great Mimic !—his *Epi-  
taph.*

(1) I'm that arch Fellow, FOOTE ! (2) the  
delight of the age !

(2) The fame and applause of the droll, mimic  
Stage !

'Tis I, who, by muscles quite chang'd, and  
grimace,

(3) Could the deep-lurking laugh of grave  
*Senators* trace,

And quite shorten the length of SIR †  
*THOMAS's* face.

'Tis I, who the various powers have shewn  
Of changing the Face by a Secret unknown :

The feign'd laugh, ogling smile, and the  
wide vacant stare,

That has made the Spectators all loudly  
declare

They never saw any thing like it, They  
swear.

(4) Thus

## N O T E S.

\* There are four lines more in this Epigram,  
but as they have no kind of Affinity with Mr.  
FOOTE, the *Translator* has omitted them.

† A Knight well known at *Reading*.

(4) Thus, during my Life-time, my *House*  
 was still shewing,  
 That by my *sole art* I could keep the scenes  
 going.  
 \* “ But what will become of it after I’m  
 dead  
 “ The L—d knows” † but fear ’twill lie  
 low as my Head!  
 I have *taken off* Others till quite out of  
 breath,  
 But now I’m TAKEN OFF by that † fall-  
*Serjeant DEATH* !

EPIGRAM X.

*IN EUTRAPELUM, Tonforem lentum.*

*Eutrapelus* tonfor dum circuit ora *Luperci*,  
 Expungitque genas : altera-barba subit !

To — TURVILLE, *Esq. of the Temple,*  
*on his Barber who is very slow.*

While good Master *Temple* but draws o’er your  
 Face,  
 Another Beard rises, and steps in it’s Place.

C 2

E P E

N O T E S.

\* Mother COLE in his Play of the *Minor*.

† SHAKESPEARE’S *Hamlet*.

16 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

EPIGRAM XI.

*De ASPRO, amatore Puellæ, nunquam visæ.*

Formosam planè, sed cæcus diligit *Asper* :

Plus ergo, ut res est, quam videt *Asper*, amat.

*To the Honourable EDWARD MORRIS, Esq-  
near Hanover-Square; in love with a Young  
Lady whom he never saw.*

The Girl was handsome, it is plain,

But *Ned* himself was blind :

For, to be short, Love turn'd his brain,

And left his *sight* behind.

EPIGRAM XII.

\* *In ARRIAM & PÆTUM.*

Castâ suo gladium cum traderet *Arria Pæte*,

Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis :

Siqua fides, vulnus quod feci, “ *non dolet*,”  
inquit

Sed quod *Tu* facies : *Hoc* mihi *Pæte*, dolet !

When

N O T E.

\* It may perhaps be agreeable to the Reader, to be inform'd, that in the *second* Volume of *The Tatlers*, Number *seventy two*, is an historical Account by Sir Richard Steele of this famous and beautiful Epigram, with his fine and judicious observations upon it.

The *Translator* hopes, that, for once, he shall be forgiven by all the happy couples in the three Kingdoms, for addressing this very celebrated and beautiful Epigram of *Martial's*, not to the *Living* but to the *Dead!* and therefore inscribes it, to the memory of the late LORD and LADY SUTHERLAND, who died but a few Years ago, very soon after each other; and had They been in the above situation, doubts not that She would have been a *second* *ARRIA*, as They were so remarkable for their constant love and affection, inviolable by nothing but *Death!*

When the chaste *Arria* gave the reeking sword,  
Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd Lord:

*Pætus!* she cry'd, for this "I do not grieve,"  
But for the *Wound* that *Pætus* must receive.

EPIGRAM XIII.

*Ad CINNAM.*

*Esse nihil dicis, quicquid petis, improbe Cinna?*

*Si nil, Cinna, petas: nil tibi, Cinna, nego.*



18 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

To the REV. ANTI-SEJANUS, (*who not long ago appear'd under the name of CINNA in Politics*) on his Modest request to The Ministry being granted.

You wicked Rogue Cinna! " 'tis nothing,  
 ... You cry,  
 That You ask ;" why, if nothing, then nought  
 We deny.

CINNA vult videri pauper, et est pauper.

To THE SAME, on reading a late *Essay* of his  
 where he quotes the above line from Martial.

That dull Rogue Cinna crys, " I am poor  
 and low !"

True—he says right—for he is really so.

EPIGRAM XIV.

In PESSIMOS CONUGES.

Cum sitis similes paresque Vitâ,  
 Uxor pessima, pessimus Maritus,  
 Miror, non bene convenire Vobis !

To the Honourable JOHN M——, and LADY MARY, a main happy Couple in Oxford-Road, who marry'd each other (as they thought) for Money, but were not a little disappointed.

Since ye are both alike in life,  
The worst of Husbands and worst Wife :  
Strange ! that Ye should thus disagree,  
And live in wrath and enmity !

EPIGRAM XV.

*Ad PRISCUM, de Uxore locuplete.*

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim  
Quæritis ? Uxori nubere nolo meæ ;  
Inferior Matrona suo sit, *Priscæ*, Marito,  
Non aliter fuerint Foemina Virque pares.

To EDWARD GREEN, Esq. Fenchurch-Street,  
*about a rich Wife.*

Why a rich Bride I would not choose  
To lead home, do you ask ?

Why truly, an Uxorious Noose  
Is no such pleasant task !

O Edward ! let the Husband be  
Superior to the Wife !

As otherwise They'll disagree,  
And live in endless strife.

20 EPIGRAMS and MOTTO\*

For by Friend *Juvenal* \* it is said,  
 " Some rich Wives are the d——! !"  
 Oh ! how They'll curry-comb your head !  
 Unless You're wond'rous civil !

EPIGRAM XVI.

*Ad FABIUM & CHRISTILLAM, quorum illæ  
 multas Uxores, hæc multos Maritos extulerat.*

Effert uxores *Fabius*, *Christilla* maritos,  
*Funereamque toro quassat Uterque faciem.*  
 Victores committe, *Venus* ! quos iste manebit  
 Exitus una duos ut *Libitina* ferat !

*To the Honourable THOMAS WEBB, Esq. and  
 LADY DOROTHY, his Wife, near Portman-  
 Square, one of whom has buried only FIVE  
 Wives, and the other as many Husbands.*

While TOM and DOLLY many Mates  
 Does carry off, ('tis said)  
 Each shakes by turns (so will the Fates !)  
 The Fun'ral † Torch in bed ;

O fye, Ma'm *Venus* ! end this rout,  
 Commit Them to the Fleet :  
 And grant They may be carry'd out.  
 Both cover'd with one Sheet !

EPI

N O T E

\* Intolerabilius nihil est quam foemina duresc.

† Instead of the Bridal one.

• EPIGRAM XVII.

*In QUEMDAM habentem varios mores.*

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem!  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te!

12

N O T E.

• The above smart and lively Epigram in *Eng-  
lish*, the *Translator* met with in the *Spectators*;  
whether by Mr. *Addison*, *Steele*, or any other in-  
genious Writer in the course of that admirable  
Work, is not material; his *Parody* upon it was  
owing to a very extraordinary Message sent from  
*The Ministry* by a *Right Honourable Letter-Carrier*  
to the *Ministerial Aldermen* at the late Election  
for *Lord-Mayor* against Mr. *Wilkes*; which from  
the purport of it, occasioned the *Translator* to  
*parody* it in the manner above-mentioned, and to  
tip *Paddy* upon the Reader in the last line, as  
there is certainly an *Ironicism* in it, which he could  
not help, in order to make it quite expressive of  
the meaning of the *White-Hall Juno*. Oh! bless  
them all! a sweet Collection of Round-Heads!  
his good Friends *Cream-coloured Tommy*, *Ferry  
Mungo*, and *Squire Charley* amongst the rest! Mr.  
*Wilkes* ought ever to pray for Them, as the very  
best Friends he has, or could have; as it is *They*,  
and *They only* who have made him what he is!  
But they that *have* blundered, *will* blunder still!

22 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow!  
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and spleen  
about thee,  
There is no living *with* Thee, nor *without*  
Thee!

To Mr. WILKES, thus Parody'd.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt "that *aspiring, blustering, restless*  
Fellow!"  
Hast "such a *raging Turbulence*" about thee,  
There is no living *with* Thee, BUT *without*  
Thee!

EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ad FAUSTINUM, cui recens compositum Opus  
mittit.

Dum novus est, neque adhuc rasâ mihi fronte  
libellus,  
Pagina dum tangi non bene ficca timet:  
I Puer! & caro perfer leve munus amico,  
Qui meruit *nugas* primus habere meas;  
Curre, sed instructus! comitetur punica  
librum  
Spongia: muneribus convenit *illa* meis.  
Non possunt nostros multæ, *Fausline*, lituræ  
Emendare jocos: *una litura* potest!

To

TO MR. GARRICK, COLMAN, and FOOTE.  
To whom (the Translator) sends his Work  
lately finished.

While my Book is quite new, and yet lying  
in sheets,

And while the moist Page does not fear whom  
it meets :

Go Boy ! and bear this little Gift to my  
Friends,

Who well deserve such *Bagatelles* he intends.

Run, but pray now beware ! that your  
*Sponge* does hang to't :

As *that* all such Gifts will be found best to  
suit.

O my *Friends* ! many Blots cannot mend  
every jest :

But \* *one general Blot* may be all for the best !

E P I-

N O T E.

\* If so celebrated an Epigrammatist as MAR-  
TIAL is pleased to say this of himself to his Friend  
*Fausstinus*, what an infinitely stronger reason  
has the *Translator* to say so of his poor trumpery  
Productions, and therefore is glad to find such  
an *Asylum* from the Pens of ill-natur'd Critics.

24 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

EPIGRAM XIX.—*Unknown.*

*On ALFRED The Great—King of the Saxons.*

*Peace CATO, Bello CÆSAR, Moderamine  
MINOS,*

*Fortunâ MARIUS, Religione NUMA!*

*To any PRINCE or POTENTATE, to whom  
The Reader thinks it most applicable: as  
the Translator either \* knows not, or does  
not recollect one.*

*CATO in Peace, CÆSAR in War he shin'd,  
MINOS in Justice, MARIUS in Success:  
NUMA in Piety his Life refin'd,  
These were the Virtues which his Reign did  
bless!*

EPI-

N O T E.

\* And yet he need not travel 100 miles by  
Land or Sea for a certain PRINCE, to whom it is  
justly and deservedly so, was it not for the  
envy, perverseness, ingratitude, and iniquity of  
THE TIMES!

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 25

† EPIGRAM XX.

*Ad JULIUM CÆSAREM.*

*Antonius Tebaldæus.*

Gloria *vincendi* juncta est cum milite, *Cæsar!*  
Cæsar! *parcendi* gloria sola tua est!

To \* General SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, Knight  
of the Bath.

The pride of *conquering* is the Soldier's aim.  
To *spare*, O Draper! is thy only claim!

D

EPI.

N O T E S.

† This and the following EPIGRAMS have various Names for their AUTHORS, which are affixed to their respective Compositions, of much lower dates than MARTIAL'S, by several Centuries.

\* The *Translator* is happy in addressing this Epigram with such acknowledged justice and propriety by The Public to his old School-fellow, SIR WILLIAM, at *Eton*, where he experienced many proofs of that Good Nature and Generosity of Temper which then began to *dawn*, and has since shined out to a more *perfect day*, in his late well-known gallant Actions in the *East-Indies* and *elsewhere*; and not only experienced them himself, but has been many Times an Eye-Witness of it also to several Others of his School-fellows now living, in the *Church*, *Army*, *Navy*, and the *Law*.



56 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

EPIGRAM XXI. \*

*Ad quendam pauperem MEDICUM.*

Pharmaca das Ægroto, Aurum tibi porrigit  
Æger :

Tu morbum curas illius, Ille tuum.

TO DR. VAUGHAN, a Physician in the City.

You heal the Sick, to You his Gold is given :  
Each ill is cur'd, and thus both are even.

EPIGRAM XXII.

*In VIRUM BONUM.*

Si quicquid rarum carum est, pretiumque  
meretur,

Crede mihi, res est Vir pretiosa bonus !

To

N O T E.

\* This and a few more following Epigrams have a very honest, merry, and ingenious Writer for their Author, who has published also a great many more ; and through his Book is *not* uncommon, Yet the *Translator* could not easily meet with it : otherwise he would have endeavoured to entertain his Readers with more of them : his *name* is concealed on purpose, for such reasons as They will find at Epigram 25th and 26th.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 27

To JOHN TOWNSEND, Esq. near Lime-street,

If what is rare is dear, and holds esteem,  
Trust Me, a good Man We may precious  
deem !

EPIGRAM XXIII.

*In BATTUM, loquacem.*

Batte, tacenda ultrò loqueris, veniamque pre-  
caris :

Visne tibi veniâ nil opus esse ? *Tace !*

To LORD L——, near St. James's Square.

My Lord ! You chatter much, then pardon:  
ask :

Wouldst want no pardon ? *Silence* be your  
task !

EPIGRAM XXIV.

*In DOCTUM insipientem.*

Plurima degustat stomachus, nil concoquit,  
æger :

Sic tu scis, fateor, multa, nihilque sapis.

To SIR WILLIAM FLEMING, near Saba-  
square.

As stomachs nice eat oft, but nought digest :  
So thou know'st, much, I own, but nothing  
taste.

28 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

EPIGRAM XXV.

In ———— . \*

Arte meâ pereo, tumultum mihi fabricor ipse :  
Fila mei fati duco, necemque neo !

TO LADY BRIDGET LANE, MRS. GARRICK, and all the LADIES in the three Kingdoms, who are distinguished for their Wit, Humour, and Vivacity ! not forgetting in particular, (if not impertinent and pre-  
sumptuous

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* can't help smiling to see, in imagination, the surprize of his Readers at their not finding, as usual, the *Subject* of this most entertaining Epigram, affixt to it : but when They see to whom it is address'd, and there find it to be A RIDDLE, their surprize will soon cease, for a reason too obvious to mention. He only begs of all his *Fair* Readers not to apply to any of their learned Friends for a solution of this *Ænigma*, by looking into the original Author of it (as they perhaps may guess who it is) till they have fairly confessed " They give it up." It may not be, perhaps, an unpleasing circumstance, to tell them (tho' the *Translator* is going rather too far in helping his *Learned* Readers towards their Conjecture who it is) that this ingenious and elegant *Riddle* is almost two hundred Years old.

*sumptuous in the Translator!) that most charming and amiable Woman, THE QUEEN! into whose hands if this Book of Epigrams should have the honour and happiness to fall by means of her LADYSHIP; this Epigram, which happens to be one of the prettiest RIDDLES; for ingenuity of thought, beauty and simplicity of dress, and a concise elegance of expression, (in the Latin) that perhaps was ever written in any Language, is to them, most humbly and respectfully address!*

My art's my death, I build myself my tomb,  
My threads of fate I draw, and spin death  
from my Womb!

EPIGRAM XXVI.

In \_\_\_\_\_ \*

Fingere non Phidias, nec Apelles fingere  
motum.  
Novit: sed Phidia plus & Apelle facit.

D 3. Ta.

N O T E.

\* As this Epigrammatical Riddle is written by the same Author as the foregoing; the Subject here also is concealed for the same reason by the  
*Translator*

To Mr. GARRICK, COLMAN, FOOTES, and  
all the choice Wits of the Age, this very in-  
genious, but more abstruse, RIDDLE is ad-  
dress'd, as it will try their "*acumen Ingenii*"  
it being the very *Acme* of Ingenuity.

Neither could *Phidias* nor *Apelles* feign  
Motion : yet thou dost what They'd do in  
vain.

E P I -

## N O T E.

*Translator*, who trusts entirely to the honour of  
his learned Readers, that They will not examine  
the Author, (as perhaps They or their Epigram-  
matical Friends may guess who it is, and accord-  
ingly search for them) till *They* also have fairly  
confessed that "They have given it up." And  
if they will *then* do him the honour to signify in  
"The Public Advertiser," (which he sees every  
day) under whatever borrowed Signature they  
please, "That they cannot solve this (or the  
two others at Ep. 25 and 86) very uncommon  
and extraordinary *Enigma*." He will not fail  
telling them what it is, the very next day, or  
day after at farthest. They will find at Epigram  
the 86th a *Riddle* of another sort, address'd to some  
*particular Gentry* of both Sexes.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 31

EPIGRAM XXVII.

*In PHILAUTUM.*

*Crimina quicernunt aliorum, nec suacernunt;  
Hi sapiunt Aliis, desipiuntque sibi.*

*On a SELF-LOVER.*

*To LADY R——N, and Hundreds of others of  
the same Kidney, both in London and West-  
minster.*

*Those who spy others Faults, but not their  
own.*

*Fools to Themselves, to Others wise are  
grown.*

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

*PRUDENTIA & SIMPLICITAS.*

*Ut nulli nocuisse velis, imitare Columbam ;  
Serpentem ut possit Nemo nocere tibi.*

*On PRUDENCE and INNOCENCE.*

*To —— VAN-HEYTHUYSEN, Junior, Esq.  
Lincoln's Inn.*

*That You hurt no one, intimate the Dove ;  
That you are not hurt, the Serpent's wisdom  
prove.*

EPI-

32 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

EPIGRAM XXIX.

IN DIFFICILEM.

Landas, Gaure, nihil : reprehendis cuncta,  
videto

Ne placeas nulli, dum tibi nemo placet !

On ONE hard to be pleased.

To ——— RICHARDSON, Esq. Mile-End.

——— You nothing praise, but all things  
blame :

See that by You the World does not the  
same !

\* EPIGRAM XXX.

In SANCTAM CUNIGUNDAM *ambulantem*  
*inter ignes illæsam*—Biddermannus.

N O T E.

\* This Epigram alludes to the ancient custom of the *Ordeal-Trial* in this Kingdom, when the Ladies at that time who were accused of *Incontinence*, were put to prove themselves clear of the accusation, by walking *barefooted* betwixt two *red-hot* Plough-shares. A Trial, was it in use now, would be laugh'd at by divers Ladies no less celebrated for their *Chastity* and *Virtue*, as well knowing that They could walk to an *hair's* breadth !

Testatura viro saluum. *Cunigunda* pudorem,  
In candente libens vomere fecit iter :  
Exploratorem sed ubi pede contigit ignem,  
Non fuit in *plantâ* sensus, sed *igne*, fuit.

To MISS RAY, the *Hinchinbrooke* Vestal, in  
close connection with that *Mirroure of Pietty*  
and *Virtue*, Lord *Sandwich*.

Her VIRTUE *Cunigunda* to essay,  
'Twixt glowing Plough-shares willing sped  
her way :  
Yet when with foot she touch'd the searching  
flame,  
The *Fire* had feeling, not her *Foot* the same.

EPIGRAM XXXI.

*In SCRIPTOREM paratum.*—Barlæus.

Nulla tuis quare reddatur Epistola Chartis  
Quæris? ne posthac scribere sæpe velis.

*On a quick and easy WRITER.*

To JAMES TWEED, Esq. *Mile-End, under*  
*the Name of PHILIP-BRITANNIE.*

Why to your Letters no one writes again,  
Dost ask? Left You should oft resume the  
Pen.

E P I G R A M



34 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

EPIGRAM XXXII.

*Super Pontem NOSTRE-DAME Parisiis, sub-  
tercurrente SEQUANA.* \*

*Sequana cum primùm Reginae allabitur Urbi,  
Tardat præcípites ambitiosus aquas :  
Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur Amnis  
Quo fluat, & dulces nectit in Urbe moras ;  
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,  
Fons fieri gandet, qui modo Flumen erat.*

*To the Right Honourable THE LORD MAYOR,  
as Conservator of the River THAMES.*

*When first the Thames the Royal City pass'd,  
Proudly he stops his Waters tho' in haste :  
Pleas'd with the place, the Stream forgets his  
way :*

*And in the City forms a sweet delay ;  
Hence filling various pipes, he joys to seem  
A playing Fountain, which was once a stream.*

EPI-

N O T E.

\* This handsome complimentary Epigram was written by a German Nobleman, *Ferdinand Baron de Furstenberg*, over the Bridge of *Nostre-Dame*, at *Paris*, in honour of the River *SEINE*, running underneath, which the *Translator*, from a love to his own Country, thinks that he may with equal justice and propriety apply to the *River Thames* and the *City of London*.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

*In NATURAM paucis contentam ! \* Petronius  
Arbiter.*

Omnia quæ miseras possunt finire querelas,  
Impromptu voluit candidus esse *Deus* :  
Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,  
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem,  
Flumine vicino Stultus sitit. —

Quod satiare potest dives *Natura* ministrat,  
Quod docet infrænis *Gloria*, sine caret. —

*On NATURE being content with a little.*

*To HENRY WALTON, Esq. Portrait Painter  
in Great Queen-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

All that can put a stop to wretched want,  
Kind *Heaven's* Bounty has at hand to grant,  
the

N O T E.

\* The *Author* of this Epigram was Master of the Revels to the Emperor *Nero*, and was esteem'd a smart delicate Writer, but one of the most debauched and dissolute Principles in the whole Court of *Rome*; and therefore, it is somewhat pleasant to observe, " That he should write on such a Subject as *this* ! " it being like *Seneca's* writing and speaking a Declamation in praise of *Poverty* with above *Fifty Thousand Pounds* in his Pocket.

36 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOs,

The Herbs and Berries hanging to the  
Trees

Hunger's keen appetite can soon appease,  
And Thirst the neighb'ring stream relieve  
with ease.

What e'er can satisfy, rich *Nature* gives,  
But uncontroul'd *Ambition* endless lives.

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

*In lufum PILÆ amatorium ex NIVE coactâ.*

*Petronius Afranius. \**

Me *nive* candenti petiit modò *Julia*, rebar  
Igne carere nivem, sed tamen *Ignis* erat !  
Quid *nive* frigidius ? nostrum tamen urere  
pectus  
*Nix* potuit manibus, *Julia*, miſſa tuis !

*To*

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* is ſorry to tell his *Fair* Readers in particular, that he can give Them no further account of the ingenious Author of this very pretty and beautiful Epigram, (or indeed of many others of his Authors) than that he ſuppoſes by the *nature* of the Subject of it, that he is of much later date than the Author of Epigram XXXIII. though he is partly of the ſame Name.

*Quis locus infidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,  
Frigore coneretâ si latet Ignis aquâ?*

*Julia! sola potes nostros extinguere flammâs,  
Non nive, nec glaciâ, sed potes Ignem pari!*

*To LADY BETTY HAMILTON, on her play-  
ing at SNOW-BALL with THE DUKE of  
DEVONSHIRE, in the Month of January last,  
at CHATSWORTH Park, in DERBYSHIRE.*

*With Snow-Ball only, Julia at Me aim'd!  
I thought it wanted Heat, but yet it flam'd!  
What's colder than the Snow? and yet my  
Heart*

*By Snow from thee, O Julia! feels a  
smart!  
What place to Me then is from Love con-  
ceal'd,*

*If Fire by Cold with water lies congeal'd?  
Julia! 'tis Thou alone canst quench desire,  
Yet not with Snow or Frost, but equal Fire!*

38 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

EPIGRAM XXXV.

*IN ANGELAM in Puerperio extinctam,*

*Thomas Randolphus. \**

Hic jacet in medio quæ concidit *Angela*  
partu,

Dum *Juno* gravidæ sæva negabat opem :  
Impia res ! tenerum saltem Mors improba  
*foetum*

Liquisset misero, *Matre* cadente, *Patri* :  
Aut *Matrem* potius ; quis enim cum carp-  
serit *Uvam*,

Ipsam etiam *Vitem* subsequisse velit ?  
Plaudite Vos *Æriles* ! soboles *hanc* perdidit,  
& sic

Sæpe solent *Ramos* frangere *Poma* suos !

Ts

N O T E.

\* The *Ladies* are indebted for this pretty, tender Epigram, (by way of *Epitaph*) as also that most beautiful one, the XXXVII, to their very ingenious Countryman, Mr. *Thomas Randolph*, who, as the *Translator* conjectures, lived in the reign of *King Charles* or *James I.* or perhaps sooner.

TO LORD BEAUCHAMPE, on the Death of  
his first Lady.

Here lies that ANGELA who in *Child-bed*  
died ;

Whilst *Juno's* help was cruelly deny'd :

Oh ! impious Act ! stern Death, at least,  
had left

The *Child* to his *Father*, whilst of *Wife*  
bereft :

Or *Mother* sooner ; for who would design

To take the *Grape*, and then cut down the  
*Vine* ?

Ye *Barren*, sing ! since *Child-bed* was her  
doom :

Thus by the weight of *Fruit* do *Boughs* oft  
find a tomb !

EPIGRAM XXXVI.

*In Fortunæ Mediocritatem. — The same.*

Vive, & amicitias *Regum* fuge: pauca  
monebo,

Maximus hic scopulus, non tamen unuserat:

Vive, & amicitias nimio splendore nitentes,

Et quicquid colitur perspicuum, fugito.

Ingentes dominos, & famæ nomina clare,

Illustrique graves nobilitate domos,

Devita ; & longè vivens cole, contrahe  
vela.

Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat.

40 EPIGRAMS and MORALS.

In plano tua sit semper fortuna ; parefque  
 Noveris : ex alto magna ruina venit ;  
 Non bene cum parvis junguntur grandia  
 rebus,  
 Stantia namque premunt, precipitata ruunt.

TO SIR JOHN TURNER, *Member for Lynn,*  
*Norfolk, a great Levee Hunter, and Dan-*  
*gler at Court.—On a MODERATE Fortune.*

Live, and, *The Great*, I just advise You, shun,  
 'Tis no small rock, nor yet the only one :  
 Live, and their *single* friendships quite avoid,  
 And what looks great, by which *Fools* are  
 decoy'd.

Great Lords, and Men in story of renown,  
 And those, whose noble race is handed down,  
 Decline ; regard Thyself—contract thy sail,  
 And at the shore thy neighboring bark won't  
 fail.

Be mod'rate as to *Fortune* : and You'll try  
 Your Equals : as Great Storms come from  
 on high ;

Not well with small are great things joyn'd  
 together,

What's *firm* stands fixt, what's *loose* yields to  
 the weather,

EPIGRAM XXXVII. *The same.*

*In lusus cupidinos, sive Paroxysmos febriles  
DUORUM AMATORUM.*

Ah miser ! & nullo felix in amore *Corinnam* ;  
Cum rogat illa, negas : cum negat illa,  
regas ;

*Ambos* urit amor, quid sit felicius ? *ambos*  
*Tempore* non uno, sed tamen urit amor ;  
Cum flagrat *Corydon*, frigescit fibra *Corinnae* ;

Cum *tua* frigescit fibra, *Corinna* calet ;  
Cum aestas *Corydonis* hyems sit facta *Corinnae* ?  
Quidve *Corinnae* aestas sit *Corydonis* hyema ?  
Unde ignis glaciem ? glaciēs unde efficit  
ignem ;

Desine crudeles, ferte *Cupido* ! iocēs ;  
Desino ! sed nec te *Corydonis* tollere flammās,  
Tollere nec castas *Virginis*, oro, nives ;  
Ure *duos*, extingue *duos* : & pectus utrisque  
Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque  
gelu !



42 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To LORD GEORGE ———, \* *Grosvenor-Street*, and LADY MARY ———, \* *Piccadilly*. — On the febrile Paroxysms, or *feverish* Sharp Fits and Sports of Love in TWO LOVERS.

Ah ! hapless Lover ! since in mutual love,  
 You and Corinna thwart what each approve ;  
 Love

N O T E s.

\* As human Nature has been much the same in all Ages, The *Translator* supposes that all his *Fair Readers* (in particular) have, at one time or other, felt the effects of that soft, but wonderful Passion, *Love* ! — What strange savages and havoc it makes in the breast of each Sex, and the combination and *contrariety* of Passions it occasions, innumerable Instances, as well ancient as modern, will most abundantly and deplorably testify ! the odd, unaccountable, but unfortunate Case of these *two Lovers* now before Them in the Epigram, is not a little singular in it's kind : not but that there have been, and still are, Instances of the like sort. *Don Felix* and *Violante* in the Play of *The Wonder*, and *Benedict* and *Beatrice* in " *Much ado*," &c. are perhaps parallel Cases amongst the rest. The *Translator* conceals the names of his *two* fond but hapless *Lovers*, to whom this *Epigram* is address'd ; (who are, it is said, in the like unfortunate

Love burns in *both*—what's happier? but  
the flame

Tho' mutual, yet in *time* is not the same ;  
When *Corydon's* all flame, *Corinna's* cool,  
When *You* grow cold, *Corinna* plays the  
fool ;

Why does *his* Summer to *her* Winter prove ?  
Or why *her* Summer make *him* cold in love ?  
Whence does the heat make Cold, or Cold  
the Heat ?

O cruel Cupid ! cease this bitter cheat !  
Cease ! but I beg you neither to remove  
*Corinna's* snow, or *Corydon's* fierce Love ;  
Burn *Both*, extinguish *Both*—and let each  
breathe

Either with Heat or Cold be quite oppress'd !

EPI-

1 N O T E .

fortunate situation, (" deeply in love with each  
" other, but yet not at one and the *same Time*!")  
from that regard, and tenderness which is ever  
due to Instances of this or the like particular  
sort. They are both well known and admir'd  
*at Court*, for the singular accomplishments of their  
*Minds* as well as *Persons* : equally graceful and  
agreeable in one as well as in the other, and have  
been often distinguished by THEIR MAJESTIES  
in "*The Circle*."

44 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

EPIGRAM XXXVIII. See Ep. 34.

In PIUM SAMARITAM.—Barlæus.

Semianimum vidit *Samarita* jacere cadaver,  
Festinamque tulit, quam dare quirit, opem;  
Nam postquam ingentes plagarum advertit  
hiatus,

Admovit medicâ sedulus arte manus;  
Excepitque sîpu, lenique perunxit oliyo,

Et calido sovit vulnera lota mero:

Mox ubi manantes repressit sindone rivos,

Membra laboratis iatulit ægra toris;

"I levis," æger ait, "Meque aspernare,  
*Sacerdos,*"

"Profuit auxilio nunc caruisse me!"

To Dr. \*HEBERDEN, *Pall-Mall. On the*  
GOOD SAMARITAN.

*Samarita's* Son the expiring body view'd,  
And quickly brought him what relief he  
could;

For after He his grievous Wounds espy'd;  
With healing art he strait his hands apply'd;  
Took in his bosom, gently touch'd with  
Oyl,

And with warm Wine his Wounds reliev'd  
from toil;

Soon

\* A Gentleman no less celebrated for his  
Tenderness and Humanity than Skill in his *Physi-*  
*cal* Profession!

Soon with fine lint the issuing streams he  
 clos'd,  
 And ~~so~~ all his saluting limbs repos'd;  
 "Go, Priest! and me neglect!" the sick  
 Man said,  
 "Happy for Me I wanted now your aid!"

EPIGRAM XXXIX. \*

*In AVARUM & Murem.*

*Murem* Asclepiades in tecto vidit *avarus*,  
 Chære, domi nostræ, *Mus*, quid, amice  
 facis?  
*Mus* blandè arridens, tolle, inquit, amice,  
 timorem,  
 Non alio te victum, sed mihi quero *donum*.

*To Mr. ALDERMAN HALLIFAX.*

*Hunks*, one day sitting in his house,  
 Snug in a corner, spy'd a *Mus*;  
 To

N O T E.

\* This Epigram, and about twenty more  
 that follow, are translated *originally* from the  
 Greek, which the *Translator* met with among some  
 others in a Collection, but without the *Authors*  
 names: so he can give no further account of  
 them, than that they are very old, being written  
 long before *our Blessed Saviour's* time.

46 EPIGRAMS and MONOLOGUES

To whom reply'd the *scraping* Host,  
What dost thou here, Friend! at my *cost*?  
The *grooming* *Mouse* prick'd up his ears,  
And cry'd, Friend, lay aside your fears:  
Send off your *vituals* helter skelter,  
I want no *food*, but only *shelter*.

EPIGRAM XL.

In BARBAS.

*Si promissa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat  
Barbatus possit quin caper esse Plato?*

To an eminent JEW-MERCHANT, St. Mary-  
Axe. On Beards.

If *Beards* do make wise men of some,

What hinders Us from guessing?  
That bearded *MOSES* may become  
A *Goat*; Oh wondrous blessing!

EPI.

EPGRAM XLII \*

In VENEREM armatam.

*Armatam Pallas Venerem Lacedæmone visens,  
Visue ut judicium sic ineamus, ait?  
Cui Venus, arrideas, quid Me, galeata, la-  
cessis?  
Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens?*

To

N O T E.

\* If the *Translator's* memory does not fail him, he saw (but many years ago) a translation of this beautiful Epigram into *our* Language, somewhere in the course of his Reading: he thought proper to apprize his Reader of this, lest he might be thought a *Plagiary*, if there should happen to be any similarity in their translations: if so, he begs that the Reader would ascribe the merit of it to the *original* Translator. His *fair* Readers, perhaps, will admire this short Epigram still more, when They are told that it is, at least, *Two Thousand Years* old!

48 EPIGRAMS AND MOTTOES,

To LADY ALMERIA CABBENNER in the  
Character of VENUS arm'd, and The  
DUTCHESS of BEAUFORT in the Cha-  
racter of PALLAS, at a MASQUERADE  
last Winter.

As Pallas, at Soho, saw Venus in armour,  
Thus let Us encounter, She crys, Thou dear  
Charmer!

Why thus do you urge me, She smiling, but  
warm'd,  
If I conquer when naked, what must I when  
arm'd?

EPIGRAM XLII.

In JUNIOREM Fratrem.

Sum pauper, non culpa mea est, sed culpa  
Parentum,  
Qui Me fratrem meo non genuere prius

To LORD RICHARD CAVENDISH, Younger  
Brother to the Duke of Devonshire.

I'm poor crys Dick, tho' not my fault,  
But that of Dad and Mother:  
Who if They'd my advantage fought,  
Had 'got Me 'fore my Brother.

EPIGRAM XLIII.\*

*Ad GALATEAM. In Cornutos.*

*Cervus* (uti perhibent) mutat ramosa quotannis  
Cornua : quotidie Vir, Galatea, tuus.

*To the Honourable Mrs. BAILEY, or any  
other chaste and virtuous Female whom this  
may happily suit among the PENELOPES of  
of our Age. On Cuckolds.*

*Ladies ! the Stags (as wise men say)  
Change horns but once a Year :  
Whereas your Stags change ev'ry day,  
As plainly does appear.*

F E P I -

N O T E.

The *Translator* thought it might be some comfort to *these Ladies* to let Them see that in those earlier ages, and long before, indeed, there were kind, tender-hearted Wives who at least had a pleasure, if not a pride, in seeing their Husbands “Horns exalted with honour, and lifting up their Heads on high” !



40 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

EPIGRAM XLIV. \*

In INANEM.

Esse in Naturâ *Vacuum*, cur, *Marce*, negasti?  
Cui tamen ingenii tam sit *inane* Caput.

To Mr. NEVILLE MASKELYNE. — *On an*  
*Empty Fellow.*

O NEVILLE! why do you oppose  
A *Vacuum* in Nature?  
Since by your *Head* You so disclose  
You're such an *empty* Creature!

EPIGRAM XLV. — *Sannazarius.*

Ad CÆSAREM BORGIAM. †

“ Aut *nihil* aut Cæsar,” vult dici *Borgia*:  
quidni?

Cum simul, & Cæsar possit, & esse *nihil*.

To

N O T E S.

\* It is somewhat pleasant to see this *very* learned and *ingenious* Disputant, in Company, pleading so forcibly against a *Vacuum*, when at the same time he has an Argument so *very* near at hand to confute himself.

† He was a *base-born* Son to POPE ALEXANDER the *Sixth*. As it is Ep. THE FORTY-FIFTH,

To Mr. W I L K E S.

"*Nothing or Caesar,*" Borgia would be—  
True—

Since he's at once both "*Naught and Caesar*"  
too!

F 2

E P I—

N O T E.

FIFTH, it could not be (to fall in so far with the humour of *our* times) address'd so well to any one else: and therefore the Reader will, for *once* only, excuse the course of these *Greek* Epigrams being interrupted. This Epigram gave occasion to the common *Latin Proverb*, "*Aut Caesar aut Nullus,*" that is, "*A Wooden Leg or a Golden Chain,*" Or, "*A Man or a Mouse,*" as We say; tho' the *original* Latin one is certainly *this*, as in the Epigram, "*Aut nihil aut Caesar.*" The *Translator* is no Politician, nor does he pretend to it: but, as much has been said *pro* and *con* about Mr. WILKES, he will just offer a remark or two here upon him, to try how far he can state his Case with THE MINISTRY AND THE PUBLIC. His *Private* Character he leaves to Others to consider, it being *foreign* to our present purpose: but in his *Public* one, the *Secretary of State's Warrant* was certainly a most absurd and iniquitous stretch of Power beyond  
the

EPIGRAM XLVI.

Ad MARCUM, Moechum.

Uxores, Viduas, Ancillas, Scorta, Puellas.

Diligis, Uxorem negligis ipse tuam :

Inter

N O T E.

the bounds of *The Prerogative* : and *Those* that issued it are, by this time, pretty well sick of their scheme. From this *wise* Proceeding of the *then* MINISTRY, We may date the *era* of all our unhappy Tumults and Confusions ! for through *his* sides, the *Liberty* of the *Subject* was most unjustly wounded : and so far, *his* Case becomes a *Popular* Concern ! How far indeed *He* is to be trusted, may by *this* time be pretty well seen and determined : but the *Translator* cannot help making the two following Observations, “ That “ in all *violent* Parties of Men, whether in *Church* “ or *State*, the *Leaders* have, in the end, proved “ KNAVES, and the *Followers* FOOLS ;”—and, “ That no Man whatever, even the *first* Peer of “ the realm, (nay the *higher* his rank, so much “ the *worse*) can be either a *true* Patriot, or a “ good Subject, who is not, at the same time, a “ man of good Morals and sound Principles : “ that is, One who lives in the *fear* of God, “ and the belief of A FUTURE STATE of Re-  
wards

Inter tam *vetula* Veneris certamina, quæ  
Quod licet, hoc solam non tibi, *Morce*,  
libet!

F 3 To

N O T E.

“wards and Punishments!”—And here, a ques-  
tion or two about him naturally arises;—  
“When cause of complaint was found against  
Mr. WYKES, as the Author, real or supposed,  
of No. FORTY-FIVE of the *North-Briton* and *Es-  
say on Woman*, “Why did not our then chaste,  
“virtuous, and honest MINISTRY keep him  
“where They had banished him, or somewhere  
“else?” and when he was on his return (to  
which he had just as much right, perhaps, as a  
*Felon* from Transportation before the time was ex-  
pired) “Why did our then vigilant and con-  
“racious MINISTRY suffer him to set his foot  
“on Britain’s shore, to come in open triumph,  
“and offer himself as Representative for the  
“greatest City in the World?” and when that  
would not answer his Friends efforts, for one of  
the most respectable Counties; and even there  
though he had so great a majority of Votes,  
“Why did not the *Wise-Acres* let him take his  
“Seat quietly in the House,” and there would  
have been an end of him and all his Mon-  
archy long ago!—Can it possibly be believed,  
that They could be so absurdly ignorant of the  
Genius, Temper, and Disposition of their own  
Country, as not to be thoroughly sensible of what  
every

To LORDS M———N, S———H,  
THE DUKE OF G———N, or any other  
faithful and virtuous Husband whom this  
may happily suit among the SIR JOHN  
BRUTES of our Age.

Wives, Widows, Maids, W\*\*\*, Girls,  
You so respected,  
That your own Wife You utterly neglected :  
Strange !

N O T E.

every English Cöbler knows, “ That if you would  
“ make a man conspicuous, *oppose*, *oppress*, and  
“ persecute him, and you will certainly do it :”  
to his fame, whether real or false, and to the sure  
disgrace of *Those* who were the Authors.—But  
our *Pilots* at the *Helm* fell unfortunately for the  
*Ship*, (though fortunately for *Themselves*) among  
some *Narcotics* and *Opiates* that lulld Them  
asleep, till this *Great Whale* came bouncing  
against it : and, if not in danger of oversetting,  
at least has been violently rolling in *Storms* and  
*Tempests* ever since : for which They may thank  
*Themselves* entirely, as They had not either the  
*sense* to foresee, or *inclination* or *courage* to pre-  
vent it ; the only way to assuage and compose  
which, will be, to sew Mr. WILKES and his  
MINISTERIAL OPPOSITIONS all up together in  
a *Sack*, as the *Old Romans* did some delinquents  
for particular Crimes : and, as the honest Mari-  
ners

Strange! that *forbidden* Flames should thus  
 so tease You,  
 But what is *lawfull*, that alone *not* please  
 You!

E P L

Gilt

## N O T E.

ners did by *Jonab*, throw them *over-board*: and  
 then, poor Old England will *once* more see her  
*Halcyon-Days*! — However, Mr. WILKES, by  
*their* means (but, thanks to PROVIDENCE to this  
 poor, unhappy, infarnated Nation for *this*!)  
 has thus *eventually* brought *some* Good out of  
*much* Evil! Mercy on Us! (Gentle Reader!)  
 what will *Posterity* say to all this in future An-  
 nals? Why—as we seem now to be at this  
*worst*, let us hope that Times will *mend*! But  
 surely, *They* will blush for *Those*, that either  
 can't or won't blush for *Themselves*! — That a  
 Man in his *originally* private and obscure situation  
 should have been so much in the mouth of the  
 People, not only in *his own* Country, but also  
*half* over the World, and by his *Catalinarian*  
 ingenuity drawn in so many *Dupes* and *Fools*,  
 (some of whom, by the way, have been *wise*  
 enough to raise *Themselves* upon *his* Shoulders,  
 and leave him *in the lurch*), to fan the *flame* which  
 he so artfully kindled, They may, as before ob-  
 served, entirely thank *Themselves*! “The Sun,  
 (as Horace says of MARC ANTONY's wild *Freaks*  
 and incredible *Follies*) beholds it,” but alas!  
*Posterity* will deny it!”

## EPIGRAM XLVII.

*In Mulieres FUCATAS. \**

Quæ pietas geritis facies, Vos jure potestis  
Dicere cum Flacco, "*Pulvis & Umbra*  
*sumus !*"

To

## N O T E.

\* It is but too just and true an Observation of *Foreigners* as well as *our own* Countrymen, "That the *English* Women are the prettiest in the World, and finest Complexion !" O syc then ! why will Ye take such pains to reverse the order and design of *Nature*, your best and safest Guide ? Leave her to herself—She wants none of those *frutchify'd* Arts and Tricks from those *Mabogany* Faces of *their* Ladies ; and only consider with yourselves what your honest and immortal Countryman puts into the mouth of your so justly admir'd *Hamlet* when he has taken up the Scroll from the Grave-digger ! Consider *that* I say, blush and tremble ! But if even *that* won't do ; remember the fate of the late beautiful but unfortunate LADY COVENTRY, who it is said, lost her life by this *wile, paultry* imitation of *Nature*.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 59

To LADY A——R, Miss W——T, and  
all others in the Three Kingdoms who are said  
to PAINT : not forgetting the MACARONIES,  
FRIBBLES, and all other LADY-LIKE  
Gentleman of that Stamp.

Ye Ladies who paint, may most safely declare  
With Horace, " That Dust and a Shadow we  
are !"

EPIGRAM XLVIII.

*Ad PHILLIDA.*

Basis, Philli, aliis dare non vis, at data  
sumis ;  
Nimirum scis hæc accipiendo dari !

To Miss POLLY KENNEDY, and all such  
nice squeamish PRUDES, whether guarded  
or UN-guarded.

Polly ! your kisses You'll not give,  
But take them when they're giv'n ;  
Truly You know how to relieve  
The giver by receiving !

EP I-



98 EPIGRAMS and MOTTS

EPIGRAM XLIX.

*Ad DELIAM.*

"*Ignis Amor*" si sit, (veluti Proverbia  
dicunt)

Hei mihi ! quam tuus est frigidus ignis amor !

*To The Honourable Miss SOPHIA W———,  
Bruton-Street, who was complained of by  
her Lover, The Honourable COLONEL  
C———; near St. James's.*

If "*Love's a Flame*," (as antient Proverbs  
prove)

Ah me ! how cold's the fire of *your* Love !

EPIGRAM L.

*Ad JURIS CONSULTUM.*

*Terminus* est nullus tibi, nulla vacacio *Lucri* :  
*Totus enim* *Lucro* *Litigiisque vacas !*

*To COUNSELLOR MADOCKS.*

For Gain You have no *term* nor yet *vacation*,  
As You're quite *lost* in Gain and Litigation !

EPI-

EPIGRAM LI.

*Ad PARACELSUM.*

*Bella magis Pacemne precer? mibi, servit  
utrumque:*

*Ambò Patroni Marsque Venusque mei!*

*To DR. ROCK, Ludgate-Hill.*

*War shall I pray for more, or Peace?*

*Since each does serve my ends:*

*Thus Mars and Venus ne'er will cease*

*To be my constant friends!*

EPIGRAM LII.

*Sermo ad HERCULEM.*

*Conjugis ingentes animos linguamque domare*

*Herculis est decimus-tertius iste labor!*

*To a certain worthy DUKE, and all other happy*

*Husbands who are blest with such meek and*

*silent Wives.*

*To tame the Clack and haughty Spirit*

*O Herc'les! of my Wife!*

*The thirteenth labour it would merit*

*Of thy most famous life!*

EPI-

10 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

EPIGRAM LIII.

*Ad ALBINUM.*

"Nunc tua res agitur," paries nam proximus  
ardet ;

*Albinus Felix* obuius, admonuit ;  
Uxorem *facto*, properans *Albinus*, in *ipso*  
Repperit, O inquit, "nunc mea res agi-  
tur !"

To LORD L————, and the Honour-  
able MR. BAILEY.

*Felix Albinus* met, and said,  
"Your business is now doing :"  
For your next Neighbour's Wall is bad,  
And tending towards ruin ;

*Albinus* hastening, found his Wife  
In *ipso Facto* taken :  
Oho ! crys he, upon my life,  
"I've now quite lost my Bacon !"

EPIGRAM LIV.

*Ad SEXTILIANUM Spurium.*

Te cum progenit, non credo creare volebat,  
Te, tuus, at tantum se recreare, Pater ;  
Si plus quam donum Mens respicienda Da-  
toris,  
Non debes vitam, *Sextiliane, Patri !*

To

*To all the Royal, Noble, Gentleman-like,  
and Vulgar BASTARDS in the three King-  
doms.*

When your Father begot You, he ne'er  
meant to *create*,  
But only himself did it to recreate :  
If the Giver's *Mind* is more observ'd than  
the *gift*,  
To your *Father* You owe not your life by  
this list!

EPIGRAM LV.

*Ad CORNUTOS.*

*Audi, Corne, TACE ! cui publica contigit  
uxor :*

*Hæc tria præcipiunt verba notanda tibi !*

62 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

*To all the CUCKOLDS in the three above-men-  
tioned Places ; being the best advice They can  
follow.*

*Hear, See, but MUM ! if You an W——  
should marry :  
Mark these three words, and You will ne'er  
miscarry !*

\* OR THIS.

*If to your lot a Public Wife should fall ;  
Mark chiefly these three words, Hear, See,  
but MUM !—that's all.*

EPIGRAM LVI.

*Ad CAIUM.—Bigamum.*

*Accusaretur cum coram Præsule, Caius,  
Confessus bigamum seque professus ; ait  
“ Unius uxoris Vir Episcopus esse jubetur ;”  
Ergo licet Laico nunquid habere duas ?*

*To*

N O T E.

\* Of these two Translations, the Reader  
may take which best pleases—this *last* is more  
fitted to the Original.

*To a well-known CITY MERCHANT, on his  
having married two Wives.*

When CARLOS was cited to *the Old Bailey*  
and carry'd,

And frankly confess'd that he *two Wives* had  
marry'd :

Says *My Lord*, " We are told, Sir, that *one*  
Wife will do

• For a *Bishop* : " why then, Sir, should  
*Laymen* have *two* ?

EPIGRAM LVII.

*Ad PINOTUM.*

Si non efflâsses animam, *Pigote*, perisses :  
Quod *Mors* est aliis, hoc tibi *Vita* fuit !

*To GEORGE BELLOWS, Esq. Doctors Com-  
mons, on his being much oppress'd with the Cho-  
lic in a great Crowd at Guild-hall, at the  
late Election of Lord Mayor, and relieved by  
some Peppermint Water.*

O *Georgy* ! had not You remov'd  
The *Wind*, You must have perish'd :

G 2

Thus

## 64 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Thus what to Others \* *Death* has prov'd,  
To You your *Life* has cherish'd !

### EPIGRAM LVII.

*Ad ACERRAM.*

"Felix, quem faciunt" aliorum *Cornua*,  
"cautum !

Sæpe suo cælebs dixit *Acerra*, Patri.

To the DUKE of G——, and all such sensible,  
sober, grave and serious Cuckolds in Court,  
City, or Country.

Says young 'Squire *Bradshaw* to his Dad,  
(And pointing to the place)

"Happy is he who's not *Horn-mad*,  
By looking at his *Grace* !"

EPI-

### N O T E.

\* An Instance of this sort the *Translator* has somewhere met with in Roman History, in the Court of *Augustus* (if he is not mistaken) of a Nobleman or Gentleman on a Levée-Day being oppress'd violently in this manner, and from a point of delicacy, died---The Emperor hearing of it, was so concerned at it, that he desired for the future in a like case, no such delicacy should be observed.

EPIGRAM LVIII.

*Ad VITUM.*

An sis *Cornutus*, *Vite*, nescio, te scio *Taurum*:  
Nuper enim nati sunt tibi tres *Vituli*.

To COLONEL K——Y. *Whose Wife the  
other Day is said to have had three Children  
at one Birth, by Mr. M——N, the tall  
Irishman, a good-natured, compassionate  
Neighbour.*

If you're a *Cuckold*, I can't say  
Friend K——, but by your horn  
That You're a *Bull*, since Yesterday:  
To You three *Calves* were born.

EPIGRAM LIX.

*Ad ALANAM.*

In *thalamo* Natura locum cui præbuit *inum*,  
In *mensâ* summum sumit *Alana* sibi:  
Scilicet imperium facilis cum Conjuge Con-  
jux  
Dividit, *hic* noctes regnat, & illa dies.



66      EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

*To the DUKE and DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH, and all the well-known happy Couples in the Three Kingdoms, not forgetting THEIR MAJESTIES.*

In *Bed* Dame Nature has confin'd  
The Wife to the *lowest* place,  
And yet at *Table* has assign'd  
The *highest* to her Grace.

The *Husband* with the *Wife* their right  
Thus easily divides:  
As *He* does take the rule at *night*,  
And *She* on *days* præsidēs.

EPIGRAM LX.

*Ad MILITEM.*

Infligit *Mars* multa licet tibi vulnera, non  
tam  
*Mars* nocet *armatus*, quam tibi *nuda Venus*.

*To a well-known GENERAL OFFICER.*

Tho' You're much scarr'd by *Mars*, in *arms*,  
And cannot be protectēd:  
Yet *naked Venus* with her charms,  
Knows how You're *more* affectēd.

EPIGRAM LXI. •

In BARDELLAM, *Latronem Mantuanum*.

*Bardellam Monachus* solans in morte latronem,

“ Euge! tibi in *cælo* cæna paratur,” ait :

Respondit *Bardella*, “ hodie jejunia servo,

“ Cænabis *nostro*, si libet, ipse *læco*”

To a certain late HIGHWAYMAN, and the

Rev. Mr. TEMPLE, Ordinary of Newgate.

*Bardelle*, a famous *Mantuan* Thief

As in the Prison lying :

Sent to a *Friar* for relief,

Believing he was dying ;

“ *Father*, crys he, I’m much oppress’d,

“ And to despair just driv’n”

“ Take courage, *Son* ! your sins confess,

“ For You shall sup in *Heav’n*.

But

N O T E.

• This Epigram gave birth to the famous Old Song called, “ The Thief and the Cordelier,” to the tune of “ King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.” The *Translator* remembers to have seen it a great many Years ago, as he was reading the Book over in a cursory manner with the rest.

68 EPIGRAMS and MOTTO

But *Bardelle* did to *him* reply,  
 " To day I fast with' grace :  
 " So if You please, don't me deny,  
 " But pray sup in *my place*."

\* MOTTO I. *Claudian*.

————— componitur Orbis  
*Regis* ad exemplum ; nec sic inflectere sensus  
 Humanos *Edicta* valent, quam vita *Regentis*.

TO THE KING.

Kings *lives* a Kingdom form ; nor o'er man-  
 kind  
 Do *Edicts* rule so, as The *Royal* Mind.

MOTTO

N O T E S.

\* The *English* Reader will please to observe,  
 that these that follow, are *not* Epigrams but only  
*Mottos* or *short Passages* from some of the most  
 celebrated of the *Roman* Classics, which have  
 occasionally fallen in the *Translator's* way ; to  
 each of which he has affixed it's Author.

\* MÓTTO II. *The same.*

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub *Principe* credit  
*Servitium*;—nunquam *Libertas* gratior extat  
 Quam sub *Rege pio*!

Publicus

N O T E.

\* This and the above Passage were written by the Author in compliment to the *Roman Emperor HONORIUS*—and if such a genteel address to an *Heathen Prince*, how much more deservedly is it due to a *Christian one*, and one of the *best* of Christian Princes that ever adorned a Throne!—It is a *Political Maxim* “That *The King* can do no *wrong* ;” The *Translator* fully believes it, not only in *this* sense, but also in a *Moral* one of our present excellent *Sovereign* ; for however ill He may be thought of by *some*, or reviled by others, for some late Transactions, and one in particular. Yet if the Truth could be known, it is not *He*, but *those* that are about Him (Whoever they are) that *dare* abuse the native Goodness and open Honesty of his Heart, of which his Face is a sufficient Index; and therefore how cruel is it to see and hear so excellent a *Prince* reviled and slandered through the sides of such *Creatures*, who, though They may escape Punishment *here*, yet, (whatever They may please to say or to think of themselves)

70 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

Publicus hinc ardescit amor, com *moribus*  
*aquis*,  
 Inclinat Populo *regale* modestia culmen.

To THE KING and QUEEN.

Under *Good Princes* Whosoe'er has liv'd;  
 And thinks it *Slav'ry* is much deceiv'd;  
 Never more graceful *Liberty* is seen,  
 Than when we view a *pious King or Queen*?  
 Hence glows the *Public Love*, when from the  
*Throne*  
 [ Good and just Rules are to the People shewn.

\* MOTTO III.

STEMMATA quid faciunt?

*Juvenal.*

What signify's it whence We're sprung  
 From the *low Cot*, or good KING JOHN?

*Nobilitas*

N O T E S.

selves) will most certainly be made to answer these things at the great and awefull *Tribunal*, of JUSTICE *hereafter*! If ever they read the *Bible*, let them remember FELIX before *St. Paul*, and, like *him* tremble!

\* What signifies our boasting that we are sprung from a *NORLE* Stock, unless at the same time We endeavour to inherit the *VIRTUES* of our *Ancestors* as well as their *Titles* and *Estates*; it.

*Nobilitas sola est atque unica VIRTUS !*

*The same.*

VIRTUE's the only *Noble* Blood,  
From whence We can derive *true* Good !

To

N O T E.

it is therefore no small profit and pleasure to have by Us a *Register* of our *Families*, that reading *their* Characters for *Virtue* and *true* Honour, We may imitate their *examples*, and add to the glory of the *Stock*, from which We descend. When fortune surprizes a Man with a GREAT sphere of Life, to which he is neither advanced by degrees, nor raised before by his own hopes, it generally happens, that for want of a *right* Education, he knows not how to behave himself so as to make the World think that he deserves his *Character*. Hence it is, that Good Fortune almost always alters the *former* proceedings of a Man, and makes quite a different Person of him in Behaviour and Conversation : but surely this is great folly to trick and set One's Self off with what is NOT *our own* ;— Whereas, if *Virtue* and *Piety* instead of *Fortune*, were in *that* esteem which they ought to be ; then, no Favour or Advancement would be able to change Men either in their Temper or Behaviour.—Ostentation and Pride on account of *Honours* and *Præferments* is much more disagreeable to Us than on any *Personal* Qualifications :

it

72 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, and all the  
English, Irish; and Scotch NOBILITY.

Not *All* that are accounted GREAT,  
Deserve to bear *that* name :  
The *Wicked*, tho' in th' *highest* seat,  
To GREATNESS have *no* claim !

The

N O T E.

it argues that Men don't deserve *Great Places*, when They can value Themselves on nothing better ; If a Man would be valued for *real excellencies*, the way to it, is, by being "*Illustriously Good* !" for even the *Greatest* Men are more respected for the eminence of their *Piety* and *Virtue* than their *Power* and *Riches*.—In former times, " NOBILITY was the reward of Virtue," but *now*, it is become the gift of *Fortune*, and too often the reward of *Vice*. *Twenty Years* of *Virtuous* and *Honourable* Actions, can't make ONE *Nobleman*, but *Five* of *Extortion* and *Villainy* will make a *Thousand* ! for in *these* Times, *Letters of Recommendation* are too often the steps to *that* honour : and that they are so the following *Instance*, among many others which might be brought, will plainly prove. " A "*Commoner*, some time ago, being examined " about his claim to NOBILITY, having presented

The STAR that shines on *guilty* Breast  
 Or an illustrious *Pearl*,  
 May decorate the *outward Vest*,  
 And tell Us, "There's AN EARL!"

H

But

N O T E.

"sent to ~~The~~ Premier a Letter from LORD  
 "B———. After he had read it, "Sir,  
 "said he, make Yourself quite easy! *this* Letter  
 "carries with it such *undoubted* marks of  
 "NOBILITY, as is sufficient to make an *hun-*  
 "*dred* NOBLEMEN of as many *Commoners*,  
 "though the most obscure and ignoble upon  
 "Earth!"——Happy were *those* Times  
 when NOBILITY was the reward of *Virtue* !  
 but most certainly, the reverse, when it became  
 the title of *Those* who tarnish'd the lustre of  
 their *Paternal Virtues* with all sorts of *Vice* ! To  
 be descended of *illustrious* Ancestors. and to sully  
 one's Birth by *infamous* Actions, is, as some in-  
 genious Writer smartly observes, "To be of  
 "the number of *those Children*, who are *nothing*  
 "a-kin to their *Father* !" How contemptible  
 therefore is *that* NOBLEMAN who lives without  
 TRUE *Honour* and *Probity* ! who seems to appear  
 in the World for no other end than to oppress it  
 with the tyrannical weight of an HIGH BIRTH,  
 which he is continually disgracing by his *Vices* !  
 and how many would have been as virtuous as  
 the



74 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS;

But strip him of the *brilliant Coat*  
And shew the *real Man* :  
And when the *borrowed light* is out  
Admire him if You can !

A

N O T E.

the reverse, had they been born of *ig-noble* Parents ! Don't We find this, too often ! in too many of Those, who are call'd (though falsely) GREAT MEN ? They behave themselves haughtily to their *Equals*, disdainful to their *Inferiors*, and thus They make Themselves contemptible ! They talk in a lofty tone, bestow their favours from mere whim, and caprice, are liberal without discretion, and too much under the tyranny of their passions, which are continually changing and succeeding each other ! They would have *other* Elements, and are troubled that they breathe the *same* Air, and are enlighten'd by the *same* Sun with the rest of Mankind ! They would also have (if they could) *another* God, and a *different* Religion from *that* of the *Vulgar* ; approving *that* most which best suits with the gratification of their Passions ! and yet, as there are no general Rules without *exceptions*, there are *Some*, and *many* too it is to be hoped, that by their *truly* good and virtuous Actions, throw such a lustre around them, as not only dignify their *Titles*, but also HUMAN NATURE !

A *servile* World may cringe and bow,  
And homage pay to *Names* :  
A *servile* World We can't but know,  
Are *mean* in all their aims !

But GOODNESS 'tis, with *solid* worth  
Which dignify~~s~~ our Nature :  
Go then, *Young Prince* ! from early birth,  
With *it* to grace each Feature !

Let TRUE RELIGION be your STAR !  
By VIRTUE's dictates live :  
You'll then have honour greater far,  
Than gaudy *Titles* give.

And when this *visionary* fort  
Of *empty* GREATNESS dies :  
May You in HEAVEN's glorious Court  
To endless honour rise !

To *Thee*, these lines I *chiefly* fend,  
O ! deign them worth *some* care !  
Small is the *Present*, but the *Friend*  
Is heartily sincere !

76 EPIGRAMS *and* MOTTOs;

MOTTO. IV. *Ovid and Horace.*

Donec (1) eris *felix*, (2) multos numerabis  
amicos,

(3) Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes !

(4) Sapias, & spatio brevi

Spem longam refeces : (5) dum loquuntur,  
fugerit invida

*Ætas*, (6) carpe *diem*, quam minimum cre-  
dula postero !

To \* LORD NORTH, Prime-Minister of  
England.

MY LORD ! (1) while You're of *Power*  
possess,

No wonder that You're for (2) carest,

And

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* has not the least doubt of his  
*Lordship's* Generosity for this friendly Advice to  
him, to speak to HIS MAJESTY in his behalf  
for a *Good Living*, as he has been in *Orders* now  
almost *Thirty Years* : but *solely* for want of *In-*  
*terest*, never yet able to get any, nor indeed does  
he ever expect it, (unless his *Lordship* will be  
pleased to become his *MECÆNAS*) and therefore  
so far, he has *Mr. Pope's* Beatitude, " Blessed is  
" he

And will be still—thus at your Leveè  
 Numbers attend, some brisk, some heavy.  
 PREMIER—KNIGHT of the GARTER too!  
 But if *these* honours will not do;  
 You're *Oxford's* CHANCELLOR, it seems,  
 To *His* Sons what golden dreams  
 Of Mitres, Deanries, and fat Stall,  
 Which you've entirely at your call;  
 But let's suppose that You've resign'd,  
 That is, TURN'D OUT (to speak your mind);  
 (3) No Friend will then think worth his  
 while

Your Leveè to relieve from toil!—  
 \*—"Thus have I seen at *Tower-Stairs*,  
 "The *Watermen* who've wanted Fares,  
 "Cry out, ply close, and there abide  
 "By Those *drawing near* the Water-side,

H 3. OARS

# N O T E S.

"he that expects *nothing*, for he shall *not* be dis-  
 "appointed!"—though, if *He* pleases, he could  
 like a good fat Stall in one of our Cathedrals as  
 well, believing that he can *sleep* there with as  
 good a grace as his BETTERS, for *his own* em-  
 ployment, and the benefit of THE CHURCH.

A true Picture (according to *Pope* or *Swift*)  
 of a PREMIER coming into, or going out of Power.

78 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

" OARS or SCULLER, Sirs ! but when  
 " *From Water-side They're going, then*  
 " No notice is to them directed,  
 " But depart filent and neglected !"

(4) Be wise then, while You're IN at Court,  
 And think your time may be but short !  
 Nay (5) while We speak, or turn about,  
 Some envious moments may fly out  
 To cut off hope ! (6) Ne'er trust *to-morrow*,  
 As *present* time may stop all sorrow.  
 Get what you can for SELF !—beside  
 If more, for WIFE and FIRE-SIDE !  
 But if You *must* RESIGN at last,  
 Dye hard ! and what You've got, hold fast !

MOTTO V. Ovid.

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus Aurum,  
 Tempore sic duro est inspicienda Fides.  
 Si non Euryalus Rutulòs cecidisset in hostes,  
 Hyrtacidae Nisi gloria nulla foret !

To a celebrated GENERAL OFFICER, at the  
*late Battle of Minden.*

Like as in fires the yellow Gold is try'd,  
 So in hard Times is *Honesty* descry'd.  
 If amongst Foes *brave* SACKVILLE had not  
 fell,

GERMAIN no glory would have had to tell !  
 MOTTO

MOTTO VI. *The same.*

Otia si tollas, periére Cupidinis arcus,  
Contemptæque jacent, & sine luce Faces!  
Quæritur *Ægisthus* quare sit factus Adulter.  
In promptu causa est—*Desidiosus* erat.

To LORD O——, and the late Dutchess of  
G—— and all such virtuous Couples be-  
fore *Marriage*.

*Activity* destroys Love's bow, at length,  
His Torch despised lies, and without strength!  
Why an Adulterer was *His Lordship* made?  
The reason's ready — *Sloth* sustain'd his  
Trade.

MOTTO VII. *The same.*

Ut *Corpus* redimas, ferrum patieris & ignes,  
Arida nec sitiens ora levabis aqua:  
Ut valeas *Animo*, quidquam tolerare negabis,  
At pretium pars hæc Corpore majus habet!

80 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

To LORD H——, Sir L—— D——,  
Honourable CHARLES WILSON, and all  
others of the same spiritual sort.

To save the *Body*, both fire and sword you'll  
bear,  
Nor with the stream to quench your thirst:  
wilt care:  
To heal the *Mind*, You'll undergo no smart,  
Yet of the two, the *Mind's* the nobler part.

MOTTO VIII, *Juvenal*.

— — — — Hic vivimus ambitiosâ  
Paupertate Omnes!

To all the Good PEOPLE of the two Cities of  
LONDON and WESTMINSTER.

HERE We all live, both Small and Great,  
And strut, and starve and stink in state!

MOTTO.

MOTTO IX. *The same.*

— — — — — majore tumultu  
Planguntur *nummi* quam Funera! Nemo  
dolorem

*Fingit* in hoc casu;  
Ploratur lachrymis *amissa* pecunia *veris*.

To ——— GIBBS, 'Esq, late of the Custom=  
*House*, and all such heavenly-minded MAMA-  
MONISTS.

Old Usurers lament their *ripped Chest*  
More than at Funerals, when with grief op-  
prest!

For it is known that No one in this case  
Assumes the *feigned, hypocritic face*;  
Whate'er Some *feign* to other Men's belief,  
Yet *loss* of Money shews their *real* grief.

MOTTO X. *Horace.*

— — — — — & rebus omittis,  
Atria servantem *postico* falle Clientem.



82 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To LORD H—L—D.

Would I *slip out* and fling the Bailiff?  
As *Somebody* once, 'tis said, did *Ayliffe*:  
No—Not of *Ægypt* was I *Caliph*!

}

MOTTO XI. *The same.*

*Eft modus in rebus: sunt certi denique fines,  
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

To THE PREMIER, SECRETARIES of STATE,  
LORD MANSFIELD, and the CABINET  
COUNCILS in the Park, Whitehall, &c.

To be *somewhat* IN DEBT may be thought  
O YE GREAT!  
In these *good*, FRUGAL Times, to suit well  
with the *State*.  
But alas! my *wise* Lords! at the rate *We*  
go on,  
The d—l is in it if *We* ar'nt undone!

MOTTO

MOTTO XII. *The same.*

MAJOR sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere!

I'm GREATER far than what Folks preach,  
Being happily out of Fortune's reach!

*Cælum* non ANIMUM mutant, qui trans mare  
currunt!

Those who beyond Sea run, We find  
Change but the *Climate*—not THE MIND!

To LORDS BUTE and HOLLAND, on their late  
frequent excursions to the Continent, especially  
just before the meeting of a Parliament.

MOTTO XIII. *The same.*

ORUS! quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque  
licebit

Nunc Veterum libris,

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliuia vitæ!

— — — — — ergo  
Sermo oritur, non de *Villis Domibusve* alienis:  
Nec malè necne *Lepos* saktet: sed quod *ma-*  
*gis* ad Nos

Pertinet,

## 84 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus :  
utrumne

*Divitiis* Homines, an sint *Virtute*, beati?

Et quæ sit natura *Boni*, summumque quid  
ejus!

*To the DUTCHESS of RICHMOND, LADY  
PEMBROKE, the Honourable Miss TRYON,  
and All such excellent WOMEN who are fond  
of the Country.*

O RURAL LIFE! when shall I thee enjoy! }  
And ancient Lore our happy hours employ, }  
Life's anxious cares thus sweetly to destroy! }

— — — — — and after that,  
Some Topic start, which may prove 'useful  
Chat.

And shew that *Conversation* We've enough,  
Not of our Neighbours *Villas*, or such *Stuff*!  
But what concerns Us *more*—which *not* to  
know,

Means our hearts evil—nay—it proves them  
so! —

Whether by *Wealth* or *Virtue* We're more }  
blest ? }

What's our *Chief Good*? of which We are }  
in quæst, }

And which we want so much to be possesst! }

MOTTO

MOTTO XIV. *The same.*

“LUXURIA triumphans,”

O R

“OLD ENGLAND in Glory.” \*

————— Sævior Armis

LUXURIA incubuit, vicumque ulciscitur  
orbem !

*To that grave, pious, chaste, and virtuous  
Matron, the Procurefs of all Good Things  
for our NOBILITY and GENTRY of both  
Sexes, MADAM CORNELYS—Master of AL-  
MACK’S—Proprietors of the PANTHEON,  
or more properly PANDEMONIUM, &c.*

*War’s a less Curse than LUXURY, which  
produces  
Ills, that soon drain our Money, Blood, and  
Juices !*

I

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* See the NOTE at PART II.

\* The Translator, had he room in this small  
Collection, would gratify his *English* Reader’s  
Curiosity, by drawing a parallel between the  
Luxury of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, and that  
of *England* ; but for want of this, he can only  
observe, “ That she can never hope to vie in  
future Annals with those once famous Nations,  
but by *trading* in their *steps* :” and, “ That  
it’s

## 16 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO XV.—*Virgil.*

O fortunatos nimium ! sua si bona norint !

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

No Nation e'er so blest as *this* !

*Too* happy ! did They know their *bliss* !

MOTTO.

N O T E.

it's *Premier* can never expect to be *below'd* at home, or *respected* abroad, but by encouraging all the various modes of *Luxury* as much as possible, it being attended with such *advantageous* and *blessed* Effects to the Nation in general, and the *Court, Church, Army, Navy, and Trade* in particular ; for what business would the *Chancellor* have, was it not for sealing Bankruptcies, The *Physicians*, was it not for Colds, Fevers, Weakness of Nerves, Hysterics, &c. The *Bishops*, was it not for furnishing Them with *Subjects* for preaching against the *blessed* effects of it in all it's *various* ways ; and even The *Gentlemen of the Sword*, was it not for *Duels* and other *wise* and *judicious* Midnight Brawls and Quarrels about women of *all* Characters, and Ladies of *none* ; as, to be sure, *Soho Square*, the *Pandemonium*, and all *such* Places, are snug and clever for *those* Gentlemen and Ladies whose Virtue is as easy and pliant in the Months of *December* and *January*, as *May* and *June* : and therefore may well be called, " *Mathematical and Magical Mouse-traps* " for *CHASTE Wives, Maids, or Widows.*"

MOTTO XVI. \*

Et *niger* & *nequam*, cum sis cognomine  
NEQUAM!

*Nigrior* esse potes, *nequior* esse nequis!

TO PARSON H——E.

Thou'rt *black* and *naught*, since thy Sur-  
name's † A CURSE!

*Blacker* Thou may'st be, but canst not be  
*worse*!

I 2

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* These two *punning* lines in Latin, were written by a certain *Right Reverend* PUNSTER, whose *Name* the *Translator* (as in filial duty bound to his *Spiritual Fathers*, and for a most *extraordinary* reason, which it is well his Readers don't know) thinks proper to conceal.

† If an *Horn* is a *Blessing*, ask his GRACE of  
G——— and all the *Cuckolds* in England.

**83**      **EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,**

**XVII.—Horace.**

————— **ALIENA negotia cur6,  
Excussus PROPRIIS !**

**To Mr. WOODWARD, in the Character of  
MARPLOT.**

**At HOME** having shak'n off all concern,  
**From OTHERS** I'd fain something learn !

**MOTTO XVIII.—Virgil.**

————— & crimine ab uno,  
**Disce Omnes !**

*To The Twelve CITY Companies on some of  
their Fraternities who died of a Surfeit at  
some late Feasts at The Mansion House and  
at Guildhall last Lord Mayor's Day.*

————— and thus from *These* Men's crime,  
**Learn all ! eat gently, and be wise in time !**

**PART**

P A R T II.

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS, &c.

**C**UM fueret *luculentus*, erat quod tollere  
velles,

Garulus, atque piger scribendi fœre laborem,  
Scribendi *rectè* : nam ut *multum*, nil moror !  
HOR.

TO THE TRANSLATOR of these *Epigrams*,  
*Mottos*, &c.

Metaphors ! I hear my Friends, *the Critics*,  
say,

“ Our Author’s stream flows dev’lish thick :  
to day,

And yet *the Dog* has something worth the  
taking,

“ Though he writes just as if his back was  
breaking :



90 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

“ I mean in writing *well* : for as to *stuff* !

“ I make no doubt he’ll give Us full  
enough !

———— SPARSA coëgi !

My *scatter’d* Pieces from each Page I’ve drove  
All up together in these leaves, by Jove !

The following MOTTOS or *short Passages* with their introductory *Titles* o’top down to the 60th inclusive, were (but *in part* only) publish’d some Years ago, and not *then* address’d to any one in particular—besides—they have *now* so many and very considerable Additions and Alterations, as to make them appear quite *now* ! and as to *some detached Epigrams* or other little *fugitive, trifling* Pieces scatter’d up and down the Public Papers which the Reader will now and then meet with, towards the end of this Collection, and which the *Translator* doubts not but that *now* they are utterly lost and forgotten, He has taken the liberty, on apprizing his Reader of it, to collect them, with additions and alterations, for his entertainment.

MOTTO

MOTTO XIX. *Horace.*

“ *Orpheus damnatus.*”

O R.

“ The d—l take the *Fiddle-stick.*”

— nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus !

To WILLIAM BURCHELL, Esq. *Bishop's*  
*gate-street, whose only Daughter and Heiress*  
*was \* stolen (it seems) the Sunday before*  
*Michaelmas Day, from a noted Boarding-*  
*School towards the West End of the Town,*  
*by the Dancing-Master.*

Now, now's the time, dear Miss ! for Us to  
dance,  
No matter where—to Scotland, or to France !

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* ever studious for the happiness of all *Parents* and *Guardians*, thinks, that the *Fellow* (whoever he was, *Noble, Gentleman-like, or Vulgar*) who invented that *infernal* piece of machinery, a *Rope Ladder*, ought to be *hanged*—Nay—he would think so himself, had he any *Conscience*, and did but in the least consider, how very ingenious the heads of our young *Misses*  
are

92 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

MOTTO XX. *Lucan.*

"AMBI-DEXTER,"

O R

"The art of soon getting an Estate by  
taking Fees on *both* sides."

Dexter utrâque manu captando, & fronte  
modestâ!

To the late *SIR BULLFACE DOUBLEFEE*, of  
ever-blushing and modest *Memory*!

Dextrous at catching with *each* hand!  
A *modest* Front! and well-starched Band!

MOTTO.

N O T E.

are to run off with a clever, smart *Young Fellow*,  
or even *old* one now-a-days.—He therefore most  
earnestly advises Them, to have a *strict eye* *Themselves*  
at the packing up their Trunks and Boxes,  
when entering into their *fifteenth* Year; nay,  
their *thirteenth* won't be a bit too soon, accord-  
ing to the late Elopement of Mr. SECRETARY  
MORRIS with his very young *Ward*; We may  
therefore well cry out with the old Roman Poet,

——— quid non mortalia pectora cogis

AURI sacra fames!

i. e. Gentle Reader, "O MONEY, MONEY!"  
"what havock dost Thou make with our *Heads*  
"and *Tails*!"

MOTTO XXI. *Horace and Virgil.*

“ Magna Charta MEDICORUM,

O R

“ WARWICK-LANE in an Uproar.”

——— sic tristes affatus amicos :

“ Quo Nos cunque feret melior, Fortuna  
parente,

“ Ibimus O focii ! “ *Superaſque* evadere  
ad *auras*

“ *Hic labor, hoc opus* eſt !”

“ Nil deſperandum TEUCRO *Duce, & Auſ-*  
*pice* TEUCRO !

“ Certus enim promiſit APOLLO,

“ Ambiguam, tellure novâ Salamina fu-  
turam,

“ O Fortes pejoraque paſſi

“ Mecum ſæpe Viri ! nunc vino pellite  
*curas,*

“ Cras ingens iterabimus æquor !”

*Te*

94 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To SIR WILLIAM ———, \* a late President of the College of Physicians.

Sir William thus address'd his drooping Friends :

“ Come on, Sirs ! now ! where fortune condescends

“ To favour Us !”

“ What :

N O T E.

\* DUNCAN or BROWNE, the Translator is uncertain which. But this *Farce* between THE COLLEGE and LICENTIATES was finely represented some time ago at the Theatre-Royal in Warwick-Lane. — Written, and the *Principal* Characters performed with great applause by SIR WILLIAM. At the end of the first was an *original* Dance by VULCAN and his Cyclops, with their *Pick-Axes* and *Bout Hammers* on their Shoulders, to the amazement of those *within* the Theatre, and diversion *without*. But just before the end, Gentle Reader, was “ The *d—l* to pay, or the *Farce* metamorphos'd !” for while SIR WILLIAM was giving directions to VULCAN, &c. how to administer an *apertus* Medicine for the *costiveness* of the Patients *within* doors, He and his Brother Actors were forced instantly to quit the Stage, and run off as fast as They could, leaving their *Clothes*, *Scenes*, *Decorations*, and *Machinery*, all behind them !

- “ What tho’ We have to mount a *stony*  
*Hill* ;  
“ (’Tis true—it is the d—l of a *PILL* !”)  
“ But I’m your *Leader* ! Me then’ boldly  
follow !  
“ Since I’m assur’d expressly by *APOLLO*,  
“ Our *Obarter* gives Us Place—O You  
who’ve shar’d  
“ My dangers often with Me ! be prepar’d !  
“ Drown all your Cares in Wine : but not  
too much !  
“ For by to Morrow’s Sun We’ll have a  
*thorough Tauch* !”

\* MOTTO XXII. *Horace.*

“ O R A P R O N O B I S !”

O R

- “ The Groans and Lamentations of the  
“ *Old and New Testament*, to the two  
“ *Houses of CONVOCATION* !”

O *seri* Studiorum ! ———

Industrious Sirs ! *blest* may your labours be  
And from *Moths, Chandlers Shops, and Paf-*  
*try Cooks*, for ever free !

Perrupit

N O T E S.

- \* The *Translator* is very *sorry* to tell his kind  
Readers that he fears there is but too much rea-  
son

96 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

Perrupit *Acheronta* Hercules labor !  
*Nil* Mortalibus arduum est !  
 COELUM ipsum petimus stultitiâ !

*To the Reverend Messrs. RIDER, DODD, and  
 all other-equally Cabbalistic DIVINES, IN-  
 TERPRETERS, and COMMENTATORS in  
 the Kingdom, whose Names the Translator  
 has not the honour to know or recollect.*

Our boldness has (O strange to tell !)  
 Burst thro' the Gates of gloomy H— !  
 There's no attempt can *some* Men gravel !  
 Ev'n HEAV'N's designs We now unravel !

MOTTO

N O T E.

son for this complaint of the two POOR OLD  
 SOULS ! caused by the violent *squeezes, pinches,*  
*and tortures* which They every Year undergo by  
 certain Persons who call themselves *Interpreters*  
*and Commentators*, from the *humble* A. B. to the  
*roudest* D. D. or L. L. D. but laboured, no  
 doubt, with a good design to compose the *Heads*  
 of all *Bad Sleepers*, as well as mend the *Hearts*  
 of all good Christian People.

\* M O T T O XXIII. *The same.*

“ HODIE Mihi, CRAS Tibi.”

O R,

“ *Stand in the Gap to nick it in time.*”

K — “ Tibi

N O T E.

\* This *honest, laudable*, and well-known Af-  
fair, to which (Gentle Reader !) this Passage of  
ours alludes, did not happen so long ago, as to  
be, even *now*, quite out of remembrance ; and,  
'tis pity it ever should be, for the immortal *ho-*  
*nour, credit and reputation* of all such LATITUDI-  
NARIAN Priests, who so piously and prudently  
follow St. Paul's Advice, “ in setting their Af-  
“ fections on things *Above*, NOT on things of  
“ the *Earth* !” However, in this *very honoura-*  
*ble* Affair of the worthy and distressed Family that  
was concerned in it, that *pious Saint* and “ Ser-  
“ vant of the Church that is at *Genchrea* !” (*Bath*,  
and other Places in this Kingdom) LADY  
PHOEBE HUNTINGDON, has, it seems, by the  
*Shreds* of her Bounty, endeavoured as well as she  
could (though late) to *patch up* this tattered,  
moth-



98 EPIGRAMS and METROS,

— — — “ Tibi *Me* virtus tua fecit  
amicum!  
“ Eripiet quivis oculos citiùs mihi, quam  
Te  
“ Contemptum *caffà nuce* pauperet! *hæc*  
*mea cura est*  
“ Ne quid Tu *perdas!* ————— “ ire do-  
domum, atque  
“ Pelliculam curare!”  
Quod vero arripuit,—  
Non missura cutem, nisi plena *cruoris* HIR-  
RUDO!

To LADY HUNTINGDON, *The Rev. Messrs.*  
HAWES and MADAN, and all such of the  
Clergy as are blest with the happy advanta-  
ges of long, broad or wide CONSCIENCES!

“ Good Sir! (in case of a Mishap)  
“ I’ll be your Friend! and *stand o’ the Gap!*  
“ I’ll sooner die than You shall take  
“ Harm for a LITTLE *Conscience-sake!*  
“Tis

N O T E.

*moth-eaten* Garment of Mortality, that had been  
so long torn by the *Tenter-books* of Worldly Pas-  
sions, by giving the sum of 1000l.!

" 'Tis *my* concern, and all *my* Care,  
" Left you should *lose* in this *Affair* !  
" Go home, and spirits so recruit,  
" As with your health it may best suit !"  
But what THE LEECH had fix'd on as it's  
*Good*,  
'Twill ne'er let go, until it's gorg'd with  
*Blood* !

MOTTO XXIV. *The same.*

" BUBONES convocati,"

O R

" THE SERJEANTS in high spirits at West-  
" minster-Hall."

— — — — *sapientem pascere barbam*  
FRATER erat Romæ *Consulti*. —

To SIR JAMES EYRE, Knt. and GEORGE  
HILL, Esq. lately made Serjeants at Law.

I think, quoth *Madge*, I look most wondrous  
*wife*,

As plainly's seen by both my *half-shut* eyes !

K 2

Why

100 EPIGRAMS *und* MOTTOS,

Why yes, says Sister—*Lawyers* at a BROTHER

Thus look, and wisely cry, “*Methinks I spy ANOTHER.*”\*

MOTTO XXV. *The same.*

† “*Nolo Episcopari.*”

O R

“The *modest* Priest’s UNWILLINGNESS to be made a *Bishop.*”

Ut

N O T E S.

\* This is the *Phrase*, it seems, *still* in use at “a Call of Serjeants:” and the *Lawyer* that is to be the *new-made* Serjeant, is, as it were, *dragged up* to the Bench, as though much against his Will!—droll and absurd enough! But *Custom*, that *Tyrant*! must *still* prevail over Reason, Common Sense, and Understanding, so it is again, Gentle Reader! in his *next* Passage still more flagrantly and unpardonably, which the *Translator* presents to your view.

† This same Absurdity prevails *here* too, it seems—O fye upon it! for this is the *Phrase* used by

Ut nox *longa* quibus mentitur *amica*,  
Sic *mibi* tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora,  
quæ spem  
Consiliumque morantur agendi graviter Id.

K 3

To

N O T E.

by Those who are to be the *new* Bishop ; but is not this, “ *Ludere cum Sacris*,”—“ *Jesting with things Sacred ?*”—Did *Timothy* or *Titus*, when *St. Paul* ordained *Them* Bishops of *Ephesus* and *Crete*, say thus ? Whence then could this *impious*, as well as absurd, Custom arise ? to make an honest man come before his SOVEREIGN with an absolute *Lye* in his Mouth ! God knows, the mouth of Slander from the *Enemies* of the best-constituted Church this day upon the face of the Earth is too much open against her *Clergy*, without giving them such occasions as *this* ! Could a Person be unseen in *the King's Closet*, when, upon this answer being given by the *Priest*, he was to be taken at his word, and dismissed by *His Majesty* without it ? Mercy on Us ! what *pleasant* and *joyful* looks would he discover at his having discharged his *Heart* and his *Tongue* of such a *grievous Load*, and escaped the fiery *Tryal* ! But, according to the honest *Old Monk*, his old MUMPSIMUS is (by the *Good Sense* and *Wisdom* of the Times !) still to prævail over and keep down the *new* SUMPSIMUS ! These things, Gentle Reader ! We can only *see* and *lament* !

To Messrs. SCOTT, DODD, and *All Those of  
the Reverend Clergy, who think They stand  
fair for, or dream of A BISHOPRICK.*

As Night is *tedious* to Those  
Who're trick'd by *Betty, Nan, or Rose* :  
So are the days to *Me*, who dish up  
My life in hopes to be A BISHOP !

MOTTO XXVI. *The same.*

*Simon-Magus* in Veste INTERIORI.

O R,

S M O C K - S I M O N Y.

Scilicet Uxorem cum DOTE *Fidemque* &  
*Amicos,*

Et Genus & *Formam* REGINA PECUNIA  
donat :

Ac bene nummatam decorat *Suadela, Venusque.*

To ALL SUCH of the Clergy as would be glad  
to fall in the way of *Archbishops; Bishops, or*  
*other Patrons Relicks, Sisters, Daughters,*  
*Nieces, or Cousins, who have a good fat*  
*Living tyed to their Apron-Strings.*

Believe Us, Gemmen ! a RICH Wife,  
Has all the Virtues of this Life !  
*Honour, Friends, Birth, and Beauty too :*  
And more—but surely *these* will do ;  
*Venus* præsid<sup>g</sup> on each hip,  
And *Eloquence* on either lip ;  
But if *all these* arn't to your mind,  
The d—l's in You, or You're blind ! \*

MOTTE

N O T E.

\* It is amazing, Gentle Reader, how soon  
all *short* Young Ladies or Old Maids (with a  
good *fat Living* tyed to their Apron-Strings)  
become of a *proper* height in the eyes of Us, *poor*  
*Parsons ! crooked* ones, quite *stait* and *genteel*  
and *ugly* ones with *crabbed* Looks and *sour* Tem-  
pers, as *beautifull, smiling, and good-natured* as  
VENUS and the GRACES ! The *Translator* has  
designed this more particularly for the use and  
benefit of all young *Cantabs* and *Oxonians* just  
entered

MOTTO XXVII. *The same.*

“ *Amica lute SUS,*

O R

“ *OLD HUNKS in the Suds.*”

O Cives ! Cives ! *quærenda Pecunia pri-*  
*mum est !*

To

N O T E.

entered into *Prigg's* Orders, for which, no doubt, he will have their best thanks ! and therefore, by all means, advises Them to lose no time, especially if they find themselves rather *nice* and *squeamish* in *Conscience*, when such an advantageous Match offers for so happily disposing of Themselves for Life : This MOTTO then, is highly necessary to be read and Practiced forthwith, by all such *able body'd* DIVINES as would wish to fall in the way of the dear pretty Creatures !

TO OLD MONEYTRAP, in *Thames-Street*,  
who dropt his *Money-Bag* with *Cash* and  
*Notes* to above 500*l.* the other day, between  
the *Bank* and *'Change* as he was trudging with  
his *Daughter* under his *Arm*.

O *Sirs*! *Sirs*! help! why do ye lag?  
Ne'er mind my *Daughter*—where's my *Bag*?

MOTTO XXVIII. *Virgil.*

"*Oeconomia illustrata,*"

O R

"The benefits and pleasures of a *Mad Life*  
now in vogue."

— — — *facilis descensus AVERNÆ est!*

To



*To the DEMI-REPS., and all other Ladies of  
Spirit and Fire frequenting Soho-Square,  
the Pandæmonium, Almack's, and all other  
Places of Piety and Virtue.*

The Way is quite *easy* and smooth (as 'tis  
fit)  
Since Folks will go down to the BOTTOM-  
LESS PIT.

\* M O T T O XXIX.

“PERRIWODUM *Funnidos,*”

G R

The great Advantages of large *Perriwigs,*  
*Muffs,* and *Optic-Glasses.*

*Μίγα Περριωγίδος, μίγα Κίεδος.*—Hippocr. Aphor-  
ism.

To

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* begs pardon of the *Ladies*  
and his *English* Readers for tipping a bit of *Greek*  
upon

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 107

TO SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, M. D. *Queen-Square, Holborn, Knight of the Golden-Peistle.*

“Great Books great Evils are,” ’tis said,  
But here we’re All agreed,  
That if with WIG You load the Head,  
You’ll then get nobly FEE’D.

Oh ! had I *half* that WIG contains !  
No matter for the *Head* or *Brains* :  
I then might vye with any *Galen*,  
To put a stop to ev’ry ailing.

MOTTO

N O T E.

upon Them, but assures Them very honestly,  
that no sort of Indelicacy is wrapt up in it, and  
that it is sufficiently explained as above, as his  
ingenious and learned Friend Dr. FRANKLIN,  
will assure them.

108 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

\* MOTTO XXX. Dr. Elfriskins.

"Vita in Periculo,"

O R

"The last squeak for your Life."

Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur!

74

N O T E.

\* This *Farce*, is acted with universal applause, as appears daily in the Papers, on the various *Stages* in *London* and *Westminster*, to the entire *quietus* of all such Heads as are strong enough to see the end of both *Acts*, The principal Characters by *Those* to whom it is addrest; and performed for the sole use and benefit of such as have *WEAK Heads* but *STRONG Hearts* in *Faith*. At the end of *Act* the First, is a wonderful *Dance* (by very fine *Wires* and other *invisible Agents*) of *Baskets* of all sizes, from the biggest used in the *Laboratory* down to your thumb, *Glasses*, *Crucibles*, *Gally-Pots*, *Spatulas*, *Pill-Boxes*, *Scissors*, *Casbatters*, *Clyster-Pipes*, *Pestles* and *Mortars*, and the whole appa-

To Dr. HILL, NORTON, and all our other celebrated Empirics in and about London and Westminster, who deal out (in the Daily Papers) their *Album Græcum*, so plentifully for the benefit of Dunces, Puppicarys, Nurses, Undertakers, and Parish-Clerks.

To You, † Sirs ! and Ourselves We should be wanting

[ † The Doctors bowing round to their Patients.

Were We to drop our good old art of *Canting* :

You've seen what pains to make up our *Elixirs*,

Which (like *Tobacco-Hic*) when *swall'd*, will will make you *sick*, Sirs !

To

N O T E.

apparatus of the *Materia Medica*, so very artfully and ingeniously contrived, as not to strike against each other : with the *Epilogus* ending as in the *Motto*, the *Doctors* holding a roll of *Pigtail-Tobacco* in their hands, with the following words round it in large GOLD Letters, *SI POPULUS VULT DECIPI, DECIPIATUR* !—that is, Gentle Reader,

There's ne'er a *Bolus* in *this Town*,  
But *JOHN* will *gape* and *gulp* it down !

# 110 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To be *ick* first, is *sure* sign of *Health*,  
For which We know You will not grudge  
your *Wealth*.

• XXXI. *Virgil.*

“*MARS in splendore.*”

O R

“*MILITARY Discipline in Perfection.*”

*Arms VIRUM que cano!* —

To

N O T E.

• As the *Translator* was favour'd with a *very* valuable Anecdote or two of this famous CITY MALITIOUS Officer, no less celebrated for his *Ingenuity* in *Military* Matters than his *Courage*, he (as Dr. *Hill* very wisely observes) “ would be very much wanting to himself and The Public.” was he to omit inserting them ; “ That he has formed by *some* years labour and study, a most curious and complete *Work* of *MILITARY DISCIPLINE*, taking in the whole view and settling of *Marches* and *Counter-marches* in and about the *City*, in case it should be invaded by the *French*, *Dutch*, *Spaniards*, or a *Rebellion* ; shewing, in case of forced marches, “ a *new* and *expeditious* way of reducing the *Ranks* and *Files* from twelve or ten, to six or four instantly,  
by

To that brave and gallant Commander LIEU-  
TENANT-COLONEL STAB-RAO, Ludgate-  
Hill, and the rest of the GENERAL Officers  
of the City Malitious Men, and honourable  
Strange Bands.

Arms and THE MAN I sing, who ~~was~~  
His Breeches full when he did lift!

COTTON *travels*'d.

L. 2.

MOTTO

N O T E.

By the word of Command, without destroying  
regularity;" "a new way of avoiding the  
springing-a-mine (commonly called "*The  
Forlorn Hope*") by running *backwards* over it as  
fast as possible, that You may'nt see the danger  
*before* You;" "a new way also of handling  
your *Fire-Arms*, so as to make them serve for  
*Quarter-Staves*, to save Ammunition: "killing  
in the *Parthian* way, more enemies at your re-  
*treat* than *standing* to your Arms, &c. &c. &c."

—with such *manœuvres* and *Revolutions* as are  
not to be found in the *Prussian* Code, or any  
other now extant!—In two Volumes Folio,  
nobly bound IN CALF, gilt round the edges,  
and letter'd. The whole adorn'd with a most  
curious sett of Plates of these *new* Inventions  
—with an elegant Frontispiece of HIMSELF  
resting upon his *Musket* in his *Chariot* as he was  
going to the Artillery Ground one rainy Day,  
with

112 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

MOTTO XXXII. *Horace.*

"*Dies Funeris,*"

O R

"*MY LADY in the Dumps.*"

DOM. Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam carorum capitum ? præcipe lugubres  
Cantus, *Melpomene* ! ———

*Multis illæ Bonis flebiles occidunt !*

*Nulli flebiliore quam Mibi !*

ELIZ. Durum ! sed levius fit patientiâ.

Quicquid corrigere est nefas ! ———

To

N O T E.

with his *Black* leading two *Sumpter* Horses behind, very richly caparisoned ! Dedicated to the Honourable Colonels, Lieutenants Colonels, and other General Officers, of the *Strange-Bands* and *Artillery Company*.—As this noble LIEUTENANT COLONEL's *Modesty* is such, that he could never yet be prevailed upon to publish it, only permitting a A COPY of it for *The British Museum*, and about ten or a dozen more to be taken for some very particular Friends, the following Anecdote will account how the Translator had the honour of the sight of this most valuable MANUSCRIPT.

"In our last German War, the fame of it having reached

To LADY S—— S——, *Kensington,*  
*who is inconsolable on the Death of her*  
*Lap-Dog, Parrot, and Monkey, and all*  
*such excellent examples in London and West-*  
*minster of true Christian Charity in shewing*  
*their grief by blubbering Eyes and swell'd*  
*Noses for the melancholy and irreparable*  
*loss of such near and dear Relations !*

LADY.—Ah ! *Betty !* what degrees or mea-  
 sures  
 Of grief for loss of such *dear Treasures ?*

L 3

Oh

N o t e.

reached the ears of the *King of Prussia*, He gave  
 express orders *in private* to his Agent whom He  
 sent over for horses to remount his *Cavalry*, to  
 get, if possible, A COPY of it at *any* rate ; being  
 a dev'lish artful Fellow, he contriv'd so, for  
 FIFTY Guineas each, as to procure *two* Copies ;  
 one he gave his *Master*, and the other (not  
 known how) fell most unluckily for *the King !*  
 into the hands of the late *Marshal Daun* ; His  
 Majesty suspecting some *roguery* in this Affair,  
 ordered the Agent to be hung up directly ; and  
*this is the very COPY* found in the *Marshal's*  
 Cabinet, with the Arms of the *German Empire*  
 finely emblazon'd upon it, and was sent over  
 here



# 114 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

Oh *Muse!* in sadly pleasing strains  
Teach Me, and thus relieve my pains!  
Their deaths are by His GRACE lamented!  
And so far I remain contented:  
But trust Me, *Betty!* that their distress  
Is wept by none more than their MISTRESS.  
BETTY. — 'Tis hard, *Ma'am!* but what  
can't be cur'd,  
By patience will be best endur'd!

MOTTO.

## N O T E.

here to Mr. LANGFORD with a strict charge to be put into one of his most valuable *Sales!* so that We see it is A WORK of great use and importance *abroad* as well as *at home*; and we are still further assured, "That the *Marshal*, who was justly called *the Austrian Fabius*, declared to his General Officers once, at a Council of War, "That all his best *Halts* and *Delays*, whereby he so foil'd the *King of Prussia*, were entirely owing to this *pretious WORK*,"—as the *judicious* Author of it proceeds upon such *safe* Principles, as "Avast, Avast, Gentlemen!"—"What the d—l are Ye all after?" "Fair and softly!" "Look before You leap!" &c. &c. &c.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 115

\* MOTTO XXXIII. *Juvenal.*

"ANNUS MIRABILIS,"

O R

"THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND, SEVEN  
HUNDRED, and SEVENTY-FIVE!"

— — — *Omnia ROMÆ*

*Cum Pretio!*

*To*

N O T E.

\* It is amazing, Gentle Reader, to consider the immense *advantages* of SEPTENNIAL Parliaments, the *folly* and *madness* of TRIENNIAL, and much more ANNUAL ones, in the cases of *Bribery, Perjury, Lyes, Gluttony and Drunkenness, Oaths and Curses*, with a long train of *Virtues* so instrumental to the *Welfare and Happiness* of A NATION, which could not be so completely effected in less than *once* in SEVEN Years! And therefore the *Translator* can't help applauding the PREMIER's great sagacity (as *Manager* of The *Political Theatre* in ST. STEPHEN'S *Chapel*) in throwing out all *Motions* made by SIR GEORGE, Messrs. TOWNSEND, SAWBRIDGE, and all such *old-fashioned Patriots* for *Triennial Parliaments*, as this is like the *Titans* fighting against JUPITER, by endeavouring to shake his *Throne of Power*, which would soon begin to totter, and effectually fall, if the *above-said blessed Virtues* were once destroyed, Besides—what would become of the *Magna Charta* or *Palladium* of the  
English

116 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

TO SIR GEORGE SAVILLE,—SIR W. W.  
WYNNE, and what few such real FREE-  
MEN there are in the three Kingdoms.

In England, it is said, “ *All have their  
Price !*”  
From Highest to the Lowest love a *Slice* :  
SHIPPEN except, who scorn’d it in a  
trice,  
Tho’ offer’d by SIR ROBERT more than  
thrice.

MOTTO

N O T E,

English in making the most of Themselves,  
from the dissolution of the *old* Parliament to the  
election of Members for a *new* one, by giving  
Them *Estates* for SEVEN Years, or *Places* in the  
*aforsaid* CHAPEL for that Time, only for the  
*trifling* consideration of from *two* to *five* Thou-  
sand Pounds, as the honest Folks of *Shoreham*,  
*Lynn*, *Sudbury*, and such-like UN-corrupted Bo-  
roughs (the only SOUND Parts of our CONSTI-  
TUTION) will testify ! And once more—The  
great *cruelty* of rejecting Gentlemen who spend  
so much Money, and make such large promises  
in order to get in, especially as they run such  
an hazard in these *ticklish*, *frugal* Times of  
getting A SOP IN THE PAN in the Kitchen at  
St. James’s, when both those good Lords, HERT-

FORD

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 117

• M O T T O. XXXIV. *Hbrass.*

“ *Dissectio Dumplingorum NORFOLCIEN-  
SIUM, Farterum, Pyorum, Jellyorum, &  
Custardorum,*” &c.

O R

“ The Cabinet of NORFOLK *Curiosities*  
laid open.”

In *Cute Curandâ*! — — *hos utinam inter,*  
HEROAS natum tellus *Me* prima tulisset!

To

N O T E s.

FORD and TALBOT are so well known to keep  
the *Kitchen* and *Cellar Keys* so close, as that HIS  
MAJESTY (Heaven bless Him!) can scarce get  
a *Sir-loin* and a *Bottle* for his own Eating and  
Drinking.

• “ Which are the best dampers to a keen  
appetite, *Norfolk Dumplings* or *Sussex Puddings*?”  
the *Translator* is much at a loss to determine so  
important a Question for the satisfaction of his  
*Lordship* and his two worthy *Courts*; for though  
he has the honour of being born at LYNN in that  
County, and having a *VOTE* for that *HONEST*,  
UN-corrupted Borough, Yet he has been there  
but very little for these THIRTY Years past;—  
However—Thus far he can very honestly assure  
them, “ That as to the various kinds of *Nor-*  
*folk*

218 EPIGRAMS, and MOTTOES

To the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and  
COMMON-COUNCIL of the City of  
LONDON.

These BON VIVANTS in-Puddings, Pyes, and  
*Jellies,*  
Shew plainly how They love to Stroke their  
*Bellies.*

Oh! that my Stars had giv'n *Me* birth,  
Among such HEROES! Sons of EARTH!  
MOTTO.

N O T E.

All Dampings, and a certain Pudding call'd:  
"A Toad in an Hole," Pyes, Jellies, Custards,  
&c. Messrs. HORTON and BIRCH, (the CITY  
Grocer,) may at any Time, as it be well worth  
their while, see the original Receipts for making  
them in the Archives of that ancient and honour-  
able CORPORATION; these valuable Receipts  
(if Tradition don't lye), were given them by their  
Great Benefactor KING JOHN, who had them  
from KING ARTHUR's Knights of the Round-  
Table, together with their Cup and Regalia, and  
are kept accordingly with all due care and  
reverence in the Town-Hall of that Borough. It  
may not be amiss perhaps here, to inform SIR  
JAMES, who is well skill'd in, and pleas'd with  
Antique NANNY GOATS, (in case he should be  
ordered by The Lord Mayor and Court to write  
down to Lynx for Copies of them), " That they  
are

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 119

MOTTO XXXV. *The same.*

• *Spem PRETIO eme.*”

O R

“*Wish in one hand, and . . . in the other*”

*Sorte tuâ contentus abi!*

*Quantâ de spe decidi!* — *An old Scholiast.*

To

N O T E S.

are intended as an *entire Supplement* to a very celebrated Treatise “on the *Origin of Duplications* in the earlier Ages of the World,” by the late learned and ingenious DR. ARBUTHNOT, Physician to *Queen Anne*.

• To show how *firm* the dependence is upon Great Men’s *Promises*, our *Lower* Hunters can best tell, after spending a few *Thousands*, and dancing twenty or thirty Years attendance at Court on Men in Power, who have the true art of *grinning, nodding, and whispering*, to keep up the hopes and spirits of their *Dependents*. To a Man of Humour and Speculation, it must be no small fun and diversion to be at a Great Man’s *Levee*, and peep through the Key-hole into the next Room, and observe him while he is washing, dressing, picking his teeth, shaking his head, and laughing with two or three of his *Toad-Eaters*.

120 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

To GOVERNOR ROBERTS, SIR JOHN TURNER and all LEVEE-HUNTERS in CHURCH and STATE.

Go then content, and mind your calling !  
 You see from what great hopes I'm fall'n,  
 Tho' for THE MINISTRY I've been bawling !

• MOTTO XXXVL Ovid.

" Omnia PARATA."

O R

"You may draw the CURTAINS up, My Lord ! as soon as You Please."

MEDIO tutissimus ibis !

To

N O T E.

• This Farce was acted with very great applause by his Lordship in 1761, who was allowed even by His Majesty himself, to be an excellent Hand at it, Especially when he spoke the Epilogue, which The King, with his usual Good Nature, accepted very graciously, smiling !—  
 " That He would take care to have every thing in better order THE NEXT Coronation !"  
 Well done SIR FRANCIS !—This is often performed at Installations, Court, the Theatres, Universities, and many other Public Places, for the sole use and benefit of SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD and his most numerous Family, all over the Kingdom.

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 121

TO LORD EFFINGHAM HOWARD, *Deputy*  
*Earl Marshal at the late Coronation.*

Had wise SIR FRANCIS kept in sight,  
This honest, ancient, † *Song* :  
His Head must always have been *right*,  
And never in the *wrong* !

MOTTO XXXVII. *Horace.*

“ MIRACULA in *Pericranio* !”

Q R

“ An Estate got in a crack by PLAY-  
“ WRITING !”

— — — “ O te, BOLLANE, *cerebri*  
“ *Pollicem* !” aiebam tacitus.

M

To

N O T E.

† As in the Latin Motto, which to the *Eng-  
lish* Reader means thus, “ That You will act  
most safely by observing a due *MEDIUM*.”



To Mr. KENRICK, and all such ingenious  
PLAY and FARCE-Writers, as are able to  
get Six Benefits in a Season for the same Play,  
instead of three only.

“ O happy BOLLY ! Ah !” said I  
Snug to Myself, “ You’ll never die  
“ For want of Swords, Cloaths, Gold enough !  
“ And Box of the best *Straßburgh* Snuff !”

\* M O T T O XXXVIII. *Ovid.*

“ O TEMPORA ! O MORES !”

O R

“ We are All going as *fast* as possible !”

In NOVA fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas  
CORPORA !—

To

N O T E.

\* This farcical, pantomimical, operatical  
PUPPET-SHEW, Gentle Reader, is exhibited  
every night, not only with *universal* applause,  
- but

**To the Four Houses of PARLIAMENT and  
CONVOCAION.**

**Into NEW BODIES (for the best !)**

**We are going to change from South to West!**

**M 2**

**MOTTO**

**N O T E.**

But *self*-approbation too, by the *principal* Performers in the *Church, Army, Navy, and the Law*, under the sole direction (as said or supposed) of LORD B——, grand *Ballist* and *Wire-Master* behind the Curtain to all the *State-PUPPETS*. The shifting of the *Scene* (at the end of it) from *England* to *Amerita* is admirable, and plainly shews, that We are one of the old *fluctuating*, or *floating* Islands, discovered long ago, by that great and skillful Navigator, *Christopher Columbus*, and therefore We *muß*, at last, fix somewhere ; so that this *MOTTO* is highly necessary to be considered by all our great *Land* and *Stock-Holders*, to be wise in time, and so prevent their *Lands* and *Monies* slipping from their Hands and Feet, by being ready with their *Bags* in their hands and on their shoulders, to stand firm *each* on his *Land*, that, during their Passage, They may not be in confusion, but know them again in *America*.

124. EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

• M O T T O • XXXIX. *Horace.*

“ JEJUNUS *Stomachus*,”

O R

“ JOAN’S as good as MY LADY in the  
dark.”

Num,

N O T E.

• This *old Proverb*, at the head of our MOTTO, is pretty well verified in *several Families* at the CITY as well as COURT-end of the *Town* : and is supposed by the learned to have arisen from the great convenience and advantages of HAND-MAIDS, after the manner of the *Old Patriarchs*. It may therefore be of great use and benefit to be considered by all the pretty *Cook-Maids* and *Scullions* in the three Kingdoms, how to make their Fortunes by insisting on *proper Terms*, before the *Play* begins.

Num, tibi cum fauces urit fitis, *aurca*  
*queris*  
 Pocula? num esuriens, fastidis omnia,  
 præter  
*Pavonem Rhombumque?* tument tibi cum  
 inguina, num si  
 Ancilla aut Vernâ est præsto, tentigine  
*rumpi*  
 Malis? non ego! —

*To the Honourable Sir T—— W——,*  
*near Berkley-Square, who, (though nice in*  
*his Amours) was overheard, not long ago,*  
*taking a few small liberties with Mrs. Susan*  
*the pretty Cook-Maid, while his Lady was*  
*gone to the Opera.*

Would You, when thirst has parch'd your  
 Chaps;  
 Not drink, because You can't, perhaps;  
 Get *golden* Cups? or, when to meat  
 Nature impells You, would you eat  
 Nothing but *Fowl* or *Turbot*? thus, Sir,  
 When you are amorous, would you *burst*,  
 Sir,  
 Rather than kiss the *Cook* or *Scullion*?  
 Not I! faith! —

126 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

• M O T T O XL. *The same.*

“ Surgere *diluculo* faluberrimum est,”

O R

“ The great advantages of rising *early*.”

Satis superque Me *benignitas* tua  
Ditavit! ———

To LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH, *who was  
discovered one Morning last Summer, rather  
early, by a certain good Lady, in a Posture  
too familiar with a Right Reverend.*

Indeed, MY LORD ! your sweet *careffing*  
May well be call'd, “ A BISHOP’S *Blessing* !”

MOTTO

N O T E.

• This very uncommon and extraordinary  
Affair for so worthy and virtuous a Woman as  
her Ladyship, may well excite the Readers sur-  
prize, as it did every where else, at Kew, in  
Town,

• M O T T O . X L I . *The same.*

“ *Pontifex MAXIMUS,*”

O R

“ *Marriage at Midnight.*”

AURUM per *medios* ire Satellites  
Perrumpere amat !

To

N O T E S .

*Town*, and all about. It seems, a certain honest, plain ENGLISH GENTLEMAN in that Neighbourhood being informed of it, with his usual Good-Nature, gave her the following reprimand,

O fye, Lady Charlotte! *You* I ne'er could have thought

Would admit a *grave* BISHOP to your embraces!

to which she, with her usual smartness, instantly replied,

Indeed, SIR ! *Lord Hertford's* entirely in fault,  
For We can't get our *Wages* to buy even *Laces* !

• As the *Marriage-Act*, by it's late Alteration, has very *wisely* thrown so many bars in the

TO THE ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

If You've but GOLD, You may be wed  
In Church, or *House*, or ev'n in BED!

• M O T T O XLII. *The same.*

“HYMENÆUS exultans,”

O R

“A Trip to SCOTLAND.”

Inclusam

N O T E S.

the way to *Matrimony*, the *Pontifical* Power of his *Grace* and his *Predecessors*, is very kind in dispensing with the *Canons* of the *Church* to the NOBILITY and GENTRY, who love to do things of *this* sort in a way called SNUG.

\* The *forefaid famous Act*, for it's *wisdom* and *Piety*, was drawn up some Years ago by this *Noble Lord*, for the use of *his own Family* in particular, the Kingdom in general, and the *honour* and *benefit* of THE CLERGY; attended with

Inclusam Danaën turris aenea,  
Robustæque fores, & vigilum Canum  
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis  
Nocturnis ab Adulteris :  
Sinon *Acrisum*, JUPITER—  
Risisset !—

N O T E.

with such *happy* effects, “ That since it took place, which is about twenty Years ago, the Weekly Bills of Mortality, in the Instances of *Cuckoldom* and *Fornication*, have been most amazingly encreased, for the better *peopling* the Nation, in case of all future Wars with the *French* or *Spaniards* ; it also gives very useful *hints* to all Young Ladies from *Fifteen* to *Sixty-Three* of *Spirit* and *Fortune* (be it ever so large) of the safety of getting the Banqs of Them and their Lovers published in distant Parishes in *Town*, or down in the Country in the same Diocese, only by taking a *Lodging* for a *Month*, and leaving a *Sm—k* or a *Pair of Breeches*, without lying there *one single night*, and *Old Square-toes* never the wiser.



## 230 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To the Memory of the late LORD CHANCELLOR H——

Poor Danaë's Dogs, and brazen Tower,  
Strong barricado'd for such *Misses* :  
Would safe have kept so sweet a Flower,  
From all young spritely Fellows kisses,  
 Cunning PHILIP had not smil'd  
To see *Old Square-toes* trebly guarded :  
Not thinking he had HYMEN foil'd,  
When once he'd got "THE AET" awarded.

\* MOTTO XLIII. *The same.*

"EQUITATOR ingeniosissimus."

O R

"I'll ride with You for your ears."

EÆ

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* being to his great surprize honoured with the following *Anecdote* from the Court, end of the Town, with pleasure communicates it to his

Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui perfonet au-  
rem,

“ Solve — — — equum, ne

“ Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia  
ducat !”

N O T E.

his Readers. It was written, indeed, in such a co-  
mical sort of an hand, he had much ado to make it  
out : however, as well as he could, it is as follows.

“ That there is now in possession of *Lords Bol-  
ingbroke, March, Orford, Captain O’Kelly*, and  
two or three more ingenious Gentlemen at the  
*Turf*, a most learned and in-valuable Treatise,  
justly allowed by Those who have had the happy  
opportunity of perusing it, to be by far superi-  
our to the late *Duke of Newcastle’s* Horsemanship,  
or any other now extant, in which is very  
plainly shewn, “ That an Horse may be made  
to go very agreeably with only three Legs, by  
tying up the fourth and putting his Head and  
Tail in a proper position, by small Ropes and  
iron Skewers, to keep a due *Æquilibrium*. Great  
Wagers, it seems, are depending by our noble  
Newmarket-Jockeys at the next April-Meeting,  
for the performance of this, at such a distance,  
and in such a time : for the diversion of all La-  
dies of Spirit, as well as Gentlemen, who are inge-  
nious

132 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To the Rev. Mr. SCOTT, and to all Taylors,  
(especially the BRENTFORD TAYLOR)  
Sailors, Cambridge and Oxford Scholars.

I've One who's often at my ear,

" If you'd ride well, I pray take care

" How

N O T E.

niques at Wagers, " of *backing* Horses, either  
" being upon Them, or in a Carriage." To  
which is added, an *infallible Cure* for the *Farcy*,  
and *Yellows* and *Staggers* in Horses, for the be-  
nefit of all the *Farriers* and *Horse-Doctors* in  
England, with the *Recipe* at large, how to make  
it up and administer it *without* the Horn: the  
principal Ingredients of which is LEAD. This  
Work is adorned with *four* most curious En-  
gravings by that ingenious and celebrated Mas-  
ter, Mr. GREEN of *Chrift's Hospital*. First, of  
the Horse going *backwards* on his *three* Legs  
with his *Tail erect*. Secondly, then *forwards*,  
with his *Head prone*, making an exact Angle of  
*forty-five* degrees with his *Tail*. The whole  
on mathematical Principles. Thirdly, of an  
Horse discovered very *happily* by their *Lordships*  
in a *certain Reverend Doctors* Stable near New-  
market with his *Head* where his *Tail* should  
be; — — Fourthly, of another Horse, with  
his

“ How you get up ! for if you hold  
“ The reins too *tight*, I'll be so bold  
“ To tell you, that you down will tumble,  
“ People will laugh — he'll groan — you'll  
grumble !”

\* M O T T O XLIV. *The same.*

“ V E N U S in *lachrymis*,”

O R

“ *The Affizes* on a C I R C U I T.”

N

Non

N O T E,

his *Tail* where his *Head* should be ; by which  
two most *curious* and *uncommon* fights, the *very in-*  
*genious Doctor*, and his cunning *Man Sidrophel*,  
got as much money as enabled the *Master* to set  
up his *Carriage*, and the *Man* to ride behind  
upon a more *curious Horse* still, that had *five*  
*Legs*, and the *mark of the Beast* in the *Revela-*  
*tions of St. John*, Number *Six Hundred* and  
*Sixty-six* on his *Forehead*.

\* As there is so close a connection between  
THE LAW and THE GOSPEL, and the utmost  
*harmony* and *friendship* always subsisting between  
the GOWN and LONG ROBE, The *Translator*  
would think himself *unpardonable*, was he to  
omit his care and concern for the learned  
*Serjeants*

134 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Non ego—namque *parabilem* amo Venerem  
*facilemque*

Nec vereor, nummi pereant ne, aut denique  
fama :

Deprèndi miserum est ! FABIO vel *judice*  
vincam.

TO SERJEANT D——, *Lincoln's Inn, an*  
*old Practitioner.*

I'm for no Prudes so prim and queasy :  
Give *Me* a Girl that's *free* and *easy*,

Quoth

N O T E.

*Serjeants* or *Counsellors* that go the *Circuits*, as to their MORALS. The frequent Complaints, therefore, which We have every Year by our Country *Chloes* and *Sylwias* in their pursuits and Enquiries after A FATHER, urge him very strongly to propose the following Consideration to their *Lordships*, the CHANCELLOR and JUDGES, for the better prevention of Abuses that may be put upon all Wives, Maids, or Widows in the Country, on a *Circuit*. “ That  
“ no *Serjeant* or *Counsellor* shall be suffered to go,  
“ that is *under FIFTY*, unless he will agree to  
“ defray out of his *Briefs*, the charges of a  
“ *Chaplain's* attendance to give him *Spiritual*  
“ Admonition and *ghostly* Counsel against hav-  
“ ing *two FLESH* Suppers the same Night.

Quoth *Serjeant D——*, nor do I fear  
 My fame or money here or there;  
 For 'tis ye d—l to be catch'd!  
 When once by *Husband You* are watch'd:  
 Besides a thousand other ills  
 As *Witness late Chief Justice W——*,

MOTTO XLV. *The same.*

“*Crepundia & Crustula in Senecaute,*”

O R.

“*Rattles and Sugar-Plumbs for little Masters in their grand Climateeric.*”

*To the late WILLIAM PITT, Esq. and all these COURT-Patriots, who, with their modest, Virgin-blushes, like WILL, are backward in asking, and yet would not willingly injure Themselves and Families, by standing in their own light.*

• This *Commoner* had worth and parts,  
 But fully'd all with *selfish* arts!

N 2

The

N O T E.

• This Copy of Verses is altered from *Dryden*, with additions: and though the *Translator* is too obscure to be of the least concern to any one of what Party or Principles he is as to *Politics* or any thing else: Yet if he is thought by any of his

136 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

The first thing try'd at was a *Pension*,  
 As *this* engross'd his sole attention :  
 His Head then ach'd for *Coronet*,  
 And then a glitt'ring *Seal* well set ;  
 " Which of these *three* now, could'st get  
 at'um,  
 " Wouldst have ?" says *Bute* to *Billy Chat-*  
*bam*.  
 " Why All, You Fool !" crys growling  
*Will*,  
 " And were there *more* things, *something*  
 still !"

Good Parts and some Estate, kind Heav'n !  
 To this well-lotted *Peer* was giv'n :  
 Then *Horses, Houses, Pictures, Painting*,  
 And *twenty* more things else were wanting ;  
 What then ? why then, He *must* bear sway,  
 And all is *wrong*, till *He's* IN PLAY !

*Blest*

N O T E.

his Readers, to bear rather hard upon a Man who is (and has been too long, by the *folly* and *iniquity* of the Times !) *politically* dead, he applies these lines to him only in the light of *human Frailty*, and therefore pities him ; — otherwise, he looks upon him, as one of the greatest Statesmen (if not the *only* one who *best* understood the *domestic* and *foreign* Concerns and Connections of this Kingdom) from *Burleigh* and *Walsingham* down to the *present Premier*, that *England* ever had !

*Blest* Statesman ! who could thus employ  
His time to *wish*, but *not* enjoy !

— — — — optimus ille est  
Qui *minimis* urgetur. ———

You're right, Friend *Horace* ! he's best off  
Who can from *Tryals* stand aloof !

\* M O T T O XLVI.

“ CONVOCATIO *Magorum* utriusque domûs,”

O R

“ The Rights, Privileges, and Advantages  
of The Church of England ” *asserted and  
kept up.*”

ECCLESIA in *Periculo* ! — *Dr. Sacheverel.*

N 3

Te

N O T E.

\* This *Farce*, Gentle Reader, is acted by *His Majesty's COMPANY*, about the time of a meeting of a Parliament, with great applause at the *Theatre-Royal* near Westminster-Abbey, for the benefit of THE CHURCH. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* by two PROLOCUTORS who never appear on any other STAGE. As soon as the *Curtain* draws up, before the *Prölogue* begins, is exhibited



138 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

To a very worthy BENCH.

“ That THE CHURCH is *in danger*, and left  
in the lurch,  
Was *once* the old Cant, as We find upon  
search :  
But most happily *now*, are the Tables quite  
turn'd,  
Since from *that* Reign to *this* it is thus far  
ADJOURN'D.

To

N O T E.

hibited a most laughable *Scene* of the whole  
*Company* grinning, bowing, shaking hands,  
nodding, whispering, and making grimaces at  
each other, with kind enquiries after each other's  
Wives and Families, *Residence* upon *Dioceses* and  
*Living*s, with such-like *curious* Questions : which  
only by way of *Rebearfal* for their better going  
through the *Farce* is universally allowed to be  
highly entertaining, and by much the *best* part  
of it.—N. B. The *same* scene is exhibited again,  
after The *Epilogue*.

MOTTO XLVII. *Horace.*

“ B O’s in linguâ,”

O R

“ Balaam’s Ass’s mouth stop’d on seeing an  
*Angel.*”

— — — malè verum examinat omnis  
*Corruptus Index!*

To all UN-packt *Juries*, and UN-bribed  
*Judges.*

A Judge but ill finds out the *Truth*,  
When once *Corruption’s* in the Mouth!

• MOTTO XLVIII. *The same.*

“ O P U S operatum,”

O R

“ *Much Business* done in a *little Time.*”

— nam

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* would be inexcusably wanting to his *Brethren* both in *Town* and *Country*, was he to omit pointing out *Ways* and *Means*  
how

— — — nam quis *Me* scribere *plures*  
 Aut *citiùs* possit? — quis membra movere?  
 — invidet quod & *Hermogenes* ego canto!  
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere *metam*,  
 Multa tulit, fecitque *puer*, sudavit & alsit!

76

## N O T E.

how to become a *Bishop*, especially *Those*, who are so far qualified for a *Mitre*, as to have the *happinefs* of a *dreaming*, *drawling* Tone and Manner, at the same time have three or four Churches to serve the *same* Morning or Afternoon; but most of all would he be so to those honest *Country* Curates, who, upon *forty* Pounds per Annum, can *ride*, *pray*, and *preach* four times on a Sunday and *make nothing on't*, though the Churches are between three and four miles distance from each other! — Amazing, Gentle Reader, to consider the *noble spirit* and *generosity* of those fat *Pluralists* and *Dignataries* of The Church, who, from their so many *Hundreds* per Annum, can afford to *squeeze* out *thirty* or *forty* (if *treble* or *quadruple* Duty) to their *Curates*. This puts the *Translator* in mind of a lively picturesque Representation which he has very lately had the pleasure and honour to see, done by a celebrated Engraver, of a certain *Dean* and *Chapter*, sitting in the *Chapter-Room*, with books  
 before

*Good Advice (gratis) To all honest Country  
CURATES.*

With *Pen* or *Mouth*, who can discourse  
Faster than I? or ride their *Horse*  
With greater speed from Church to Church,  
And many good Souls leave in the lurch?  
For *Gaming*, *Drinking*, *Sporting* clean,  
I'm said to raise the *Squire's* spleen!

He

N O T E

before them, supposed to be explaining some  
crabbed *Divinity-Points* in the *Greek and Latin*  
Fathers, while one of them (much duller than  
the rest) is gathering together his *DIVIDEND*,  
and says, with a leering Grin, to his *reverend*  
and *learned* Brethren, "O! my Conscience,  
"Brothers! I do think, that the *Church of Eng-*  
*land* is the *very best constituted* (at the same time  
sweeping the *Money* off the Table into his *Broad*  
*Beaver*) Church this day upon the face of the  
Earth!"—N. B. The above paraphractical Imitation of this MOTTO is allowed by the Revd.  
DEAN F—— DOCTOR W—— Pre-  
bendary of Westminster, Mr. CHANCELLOR  
P——, and Mr. ARCHDEACON H——  
to be the best Receipt which They ever met  
withall, in order to make A BISHOP.

## 142 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

He then that fain would reach *the prize*  
 A MITRE ! must with half-shut eyes,  
*Hear, see, and say* nought, but look wise ; }  
 Must love *Quadrille, Whist, and Fatigues,*  
 Talk *Politics, and Court-Intrigues :*  
*Ride hard, and swear* through thick and thin,  
 To gain what Votes by *Canvassing ;*  
 By *these* He soon will reach *the Station,*  
 And disregard all Defamation !

• M O T T O XLIX.—*The same.*

“ EPISCOPALIS *Kistatio,*”

Q R

“ Good Entertainment for *the Inferior*  
 CLERGY, (*Town and Country*) both *Man*  
 and *Horse.*”

ROMULUS

N O T E.

• This very merry, humorous, and entertain-  
 ing COMEDY, Gentle Reader, (at which the  
*Translator* has had the honour and pleasure of being  
 present) is acted by His Majesty's (or, more pro-  
 perly speaking, *The Premier's*) COMPANY, at  
 their respective Theatres, once in three Years  
 generally, (but always the first Year when a  
*Principal Performer* makes his FIRST entrance  
 upon THE STAGE) though it is much oftener  
 deferred.

ROMULUS & LIBER *Pater*, & cum CASTORE  
HOLLUX,

Post *ingentia* facta, *Deorum* in *Templa* recepti,  
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
Speratum *meritis*!

To

N O T E.

deferred to once in *Seven*, especially if the *Scene* lies down in *Wales*, or in such distant Counties, on account of the very great difficulty in getting up the Scenery, Clothes, Decorations, and Machinery; for the use and instruction of all *Rectors*, *Vicars*, and *Curates*; and for the sole benefit of all *Bishops Officers* in every *Diocese*; to which is added a *FARCE* called,

“*Aurum aut Argentum potabile,*”

O R

“The amazing effects of Gold or Silver dissolved and given as a *Julep*.”

Between the *Comedy* and *Farce*, is an *original Dance*, being a most picturesque and lively representation of the pompous and magnificent Entry (far exceeding *Alexander's* triumphal one into *Babylon*) of the *Bishop* and his *Myrmidons* into any *City* or capital *Town* of the *Diocese*, with the ambling, curvetting, and kicking up of the horses of the *Ecclesiastical* troops, after the manner

144 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

To all RECTORS, VICARS, CURATES, and  
Bishops OFFICERS (at their Visitations)  
whom it may concern.

C——, K——, G——, M——, K——,  
And many more, whose names I mean :  
After their glorious Feats were rais'd  
To th' Upper House by Those They'd  
prais'd :

Wept that *so long* such Men of Spirit  
Had lain neglected for their Merit !

MOTTOS

N O T E.

manner of that arch rogue Garrick's new raised ones in the Rehearsal ;—and at the end of the Farce is another humorous Representation of The Bishops, Clergy, and Church-Wardens at Dinner at separate Tables. The Prologue and Epilogue by two of his Lordship's Officers ; with their friendly caution to the Gentlemen and Church-Wardens to make the best of their way home after Dinner, to Prevent the Knights of the Post putting their Spirits and Pockets into confusion.—N. B. As these are acted not so often as is wished, by some who have a principal hand in them too, they are observed not to meet with that general applause which they deserve, supposed to be owing to the deficiency of the Principal Performer, for want only of more frequent Rehearsals.

\* M O T T O. L. *The same.*

“ ARCHIDIACONALIS *Visitatio.*”

∴ O R

“ You are very welcome, *Gentlemen !*”

*Lussisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti,*  
*Tempus abine tibi est !*

O

To

N O T E.

\* A *Farte*, as it is acted *twice* a year, (at which also The *Translator* has been present) at *Easter* and *Michaelmas*, upon the original Plan and Design of the foregoing *Comedy*, under the chief direction of the *Apparitors* to the *Archdeacons*, for the *use* and *instruction* of the aforesaid Reverend Gentlemen in *Town* and *Countryside*, and for the *sole* benefit of the *Archdeacon's Officers*: by one of whom (the *Apparitor*) the *Prologue* is spoken, and the *Epilogue* by another of them. Between the *Acts* is a most entertaining *interlude* representing the great benefits and advantages arising chiefly to The *Country Clergy* from these Half-yearly *Visitations* of *seeing* each other *twice* a Year at a good Dinner at *very little* or *no* expence, *grinning*, *shaking hands*, and *exchanging* Sermons with each other, for the benefit of their

OWN



146 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

To all Arch-Deacons APPARITORS, &c.

Believe Me, Sir! You've paid enough,  
For Meat, Drink, LICENCE, and such Stuff?  
'Tis therefore time for You to go,  
And thus ends our *amazing* SHEW!

\* MOTTO LI. *The same.*

"Parturiunt MONTES,"

O R

"LUMPING PENNYWORTHS for your  
Money!"

Ut

N O T E s.

*own Heads* and their Congregations;—at the end of the *Farce* is a droll Representation of the Clergy's paying their respects to Mr. Archdeacon who is so very kind and condescending, as to take them by *that* hand which had the *Argentum-Vivum*, or *Quick-silver*, which, had it been kept too long in their pockets, would have *burned* them; and then mounting their white, black, sorrel, and pye-balled *Palfreys* to trot home to their Wives and Families (with their Church-Wardens) with *light* Hearts and Breeches.

\* *Another FARCE*, Gentle Reader, as it is daily acted with *universal* applause in and about the Cities of LONDON and WESTMINSTER; with

Ut PRÆCO, ad merces Turbam qui cogit  
emendas,

— clamabit “*Pukbrè! Bons! Rasté!*”

Ut qui CONDUCTI plorant in funere, dicunt  
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus *ex animo*,  
sic

DERISOR. vero, plus *Laudatores* movetur!

*To all Moorfields, Rag-Fair, and Hockley-  
o'the-hole BROKERS, and all those MEN  
OF BUSINESS who have Lots of Goods hang-  
ing on their hands!*

As NAB, who stands at *Middle-Row*,  
To take in *Countryman* and *Beau*:

O 2.

“*Gemmen,*”

N O T E.

with a variety of new *Carpet-scenes*, *Dresses*,  
and *Decorations*! drawing such *crowded Houses*,  
as to enable the MANAGERS to burn only  
*Wax-Candles* in finely-cut *Chandeliers*, and to  
occasion the Men standing at the Doors to go to  
*Fifty-Cuffs* with the Multitude pressing to get in,  
with *broken Legs* and *Arms*, and *blue Eyes*!  
between the first and second Act is a most bur-  
lesque and droll Representation of the *Cotillion-  
Dance*, consisting of eight *Moorfields Brokers*,  
two from *Rag-fair*, and two from *Hockley-o'the-  
Hole*, which are allowed to be by much the best  
part of the Company.

148 EPIGRAMS *and* MOTTOES,

"Gemmen!" he'll croak, "Here's *cheap*  
within!

"Selling BY AUCTION! pray walk in!"

Or, THOSE at Fun'rals hir'd to cry  
Are sure to do it most lustily:

So the smart CIT who sees Them fix

On *Bumkin Hob* to play their tricks,

Is tickled more than *Hob* who tries

To pass with Them for *wondrous wife*!

MOTTO LII.—*The same.*

"HOYLEUS *dissecus*,"

O R

"The Game of *Quadrille* play'd com-  
pletely."

— — at Pueri ludentes, "REX ERIS!"

aiunt,

Si *reclè* facies!

To

To LORD B——, who was often observ'd,  
*some few Years ago, by the Groom Porter*  
*at St. James's, to play a Sans-Prendre Vole*  
*with only Spadille or Manille, five or six*  
*little Trumps, and "A KING in his own*  
*hands !" but since that time, the Tables*  
*have been happily turn'd.*

Like Boys at Play, crying, *Master Johnny !*  
 " YOU SHALL BE KING !" as You're so  
 bonny  
 A Gamester at at a *Vole sans Pendre,*  
 'Gainst Devil, Pope, and THE PRETENDER !

\* MOTTO LIII. *The same.*

" Rus in U R B E."

O R

" LONDON going to be carry'd down into  
*the Country."*

O 3

Jam

N O T E.

\* This most humorous COMEDY, Gentle  
 Reader, is daily acted at the various Theatres in  
 the Suburbs (particularly of LONDON and WEST-  
 MINSTER, with very great advantage to the  
 MANAGERS ! with new Scenes, Dresses, Deco-  
 rations,

150 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Jam *pauca* aratro jugera ———  
*Moles* relinquent ———  
 — — non ita *Romuli*  
 Præscriptum & — — *Catonis*  
 Auspiciis, Veterumque normâ.  
*Privatus* illis *Census* erat brevis,  
*Commune* MAGNUM !

To

N O T E.

rations, and Machinery ;—Between the *third* and *fourth* ACT is a most curious *Interlude* (to the no small laughter and diversion of the Spectators) of “ *Beams, Rafter, and Stack of Chimneys*, cracking and very often falling, and sometimes *whole* Houses soon *after* they are finished, and sometimes *before*.” The *Brick-carts* flying on fire before the *Bricks* can be delivered,”—“ the quarrelling and scuffling between the *Brick-makers, Builders, and Workmen* ! and before the end of the *last* ACT, the Company is no less astonished than entertained at the admirable shifting of the Scene to the *King’s-Bench, Marshalsea and Fleet-Prisons, Wood-street, and Poultry-Compters*, and other *snug* Places for the reception of *Thieves*, who are more ingenious at contriving to *get in*, than expert how to *get out* ; To which is added a very neat and curious *Plan* of an House that shall stand for just as many Years (not exceeding *Seven*) as the Tenent wants, and shall then tumble

To all MASTER BUILDERS in and about  
the City, especially at St. Mary-le-Bone,  
who are not willing to taste the Air of St.  
George's Fields.

Few Acres are left for the Plough,  
Buildings run up most strangely now !  
Not so in *Charles the Second's* days  
Nor *William's*, to their lasting praise :  
Under whose auspices *such flaws*  
Were stopt by good and wholesome laws ;  
Since 'tis but *Few* that have the *Stuff* :  
Indeed THE TREAS'RY's full enough !

# MOTTO

## N O T E.

tumble down in such a manner as to give him  
just cause for Complaint, so as to evade paying  
his Rent, or time to run off without paying it at  
all. With two or three *Sketches* at the bottom  
of the *Plan* on the art of *Building* being brought  
*now-a-days* to such a very nice and exact calcu-  
lation, " That an *House* shall tumble down even  
*before* it is quite finished ;" to the *benefit* of the  
*Builders* and *Those* that *hired* Them, in saving  
Them the trouble of bringing their Goods too  
soon into them !

\* MOTTO LIV. *The same.*

“COTHURNUS in ROSTRO.”

O R.

“SHAKESPEARE, and his *Brother* BUS-  
KINS got into THE PULPIT.”

To

N O T E.

\* Our Sermons, or Discourses, from the *Pulpit*, Gentle Reader! *formerly* used to be *Orthodox*, *grave*, *manly*, *nervous*, and *sensible*! in them, strength of *Reason* was confirmed by *Scripture*! But *now*, how many of that venerable Body of Men, *the Clergy*, are turned *Fine Gentlemen*, and so called *Pretty Preachers*, our Congregations can best tell! It may be thought, by some, a Paradox to say so, but We have in this Kingdom *too much* Preaching! People make a much greater point of going to hear *the Sermon*, than attending to the *Prayers*, which is, undoubtedly, by far the best and most useful part of Divine Service! If our *Afternoon* Sermons were dropt, and Lectures on the *Catechism*, (about the length of a Sermon) adopted in their Room for the benefit of the *rising* Generation, it would be a very great Step towards

TO DOCTOR BUSKIN, *sole Manager, and Principal Performer in the Pulpit, at the Theatre in the Old Jewry, on Sunday Evenings for the Winter-Season, at Six o'Clock.*

Si

N O T E.

towards curing all our Evils in this Nation : and till that, or something like it, takes place, it signifies little or nothing ! for what can be expected of any People, who (in general) have *too little, or no*, sense of Religion ! It is for want of a *right* and *due* sense of this, that We (especially the *Bulk* of the Nation, and perhaps too many of the *upper* part of it) are thus blown about with *every* Wind of Doctrine. The *Papists* and *Methodists*, the last particularly, perceive this, and consequently make a plentiful market of them ! Our *Doctor* now before us, steers a *middle* course (the “*medio tutissimus*,” for his *Pocket*) between the *two* Extremes, of the dry, quaint Phrases of *Morality* of our “*Pretty* Preachers” on the one hand, and the absurd, bombast *nonsense* (not to say *Blasphemy*) of the *Methodists* on the other ! and being a “*Pro sa* for of O ra to ry” (Mercy on Us ! a *Scotchman* Professor of *English* Oratory) brings with him into the  
Pulpit



## 154 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

*Si possis recte—si non quocunque modo REM!—*

My Son, get MONEY! *fairly, if you can:*  
 If not, get MONEY—like a GENTLEMAN:  
 For *this*, let SHAKESPEARE from the  
 PULPIT be your *Plan!*

MOTTO.

### N O T E S.

Pulpit, *Shakespeare* and his *bislin'd* Brethren, to tickle the fancies of the Young Women; and astonish the honest, well meaning Citizens and their Wives!—No doubt he finds his Account in it! and therefore is very much in the right of it! for, like other *Spiritual Quacks*, “*Si Populus vult decipi,*” i. e. Gentle Reader, “If People on Sunday Nights won’t read *Shakespeare*, &c. at home, but will run to a *Conventicle* to hear them *mouthed* and *rant*ed, by all means let them pay for it.”

† As METHODISM is too large a subject for the *Translator*, at present, to consider: so, he only begs the *Reader's* patience in making one Remark upon it in general.—That the *Word itself* comes originally from the *Greek*, and is used accordingly, by *St. Paul*, (Ephes. 4. 14. and 6 11; if his learned Readers will please to look) in a *sense* which he begs to be excused mentioning,

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 135

MOTTO LV. *The same.*

“THEATRUM ECCLESIASTICUM,”

O R,

“† CHANCEL-Building the very best *Trade*  
now going with the *Clergy*.”

— — — *operâ vehemente* MINISTER !

To

N O T E S.

as it is far from redounding to the credit of the  
METHODISTS Themselves, or *Those* who may  
patronize or support that SECT. He is there-  
fore fully satisfied himself, (and hopes that his  
*Readers* are so too) with an explanation of it;  
which he most luckily met with the other day, in  
a little Book written by a *German* Divine, one  
JOHANNES GO-CLENIUS (who married a Sister  
of the famous YAN-PTSCHIRN-SOOKER an emi-  
nent Physician mentioned by the humorous *Dean*  
*Squirt*.) His explanation of it, is our Transla-  
tion,

To Messrs. HARLEY, FORRESTER, DODD,  
and all Those of the Gown, who are apt to  
talk much of the Gentility of their PRO-  
FESSION, at the same time not considering the  
badness of its TRADE.

The DOCTOR *thus*, by taking pains,  
Will soon see clear his yearly gains !

MOTTO

N O T E S.

tion, runs thus, "METHODISM, (says that most  
" learned and honest Writer) is a *secret art* or  
" *knack*, which *Knaves* have, in a way *peculiar*  
" to 'Themselves, of gulling *Fools* out of their  
" Money;" and this, the Translator of that  
lively Author, grounds upon the following Ob-  
servation, " That, as in a *Political* sense, the  
" *honest, open, unsuspecting* ENGLISH, are never  
" better pleased, than when you are telling  
" them, That the *Nation* is IN DANGER, its  
" *Credit* BREAKING, and upon the *brink* of  
" RUIN: so, in a *Spiritual* one, They'll hug and  
" *cling* close about you (as they once did by  
" Dr. BURGES's *Cloke*) the more you alarm  
" them with the Words H—L and D—M—N,  
" FIRE and B—STONE !

† The Translator thinks himself peculiarly hap-  
py (as he hopes he has fully proved himself so in  
the

† M O T T O LVI. *The same.*

“ MUTATIS MUTANDIS.”

O R,

“ The *Changes* of THE MINISTRY all for  
the better. !

Quod petiit, spernit—repetit quod nuper  
*omisit.*

*Æquat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto :*

*Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis !*

P

To

N O T E.

the course of this little Work) when he is able  
at any time to communicate any little NANNY-  
GOAT for the improvement of his Reverend and  
Learned Brethren's *Pockets* as well as their *Un-  
derstandings* ; and therefore don't doubt his be-  
ing honoured with a place in their *Esteem* and  
*good Opinion*, from His Grace of LAMBETH down  
to the honest COUNTRY CURATE. As he was  
walking

To LORD BARRINGTON, CHATHAM, or any  
 one else, either IN or OUT, whom the Reader  
 thinks it *may* best suit: not forgetting *All*  
 • Those who have entirely the Good of their  
 Country at heart, by taking care in time of  
 Themselves and their Families.

What he once sought, is now with scorn re-  
 jected,  
 And doubly favours Those he once neg-  
 lected;

He

#### N O T E.

walking in the *Park* a little while ago, a face-  
 tious Friend of his met him, and gave him a  
 rough sketch, drawn as he said by a journeyman  
 Carpenter, and taken down by him in Short-  
 Hand, consisting of a Dialogue between the  
*Clergyman* and his *Master*, as he overheard while  
 he attended Them; shewing the exact method  
 how our *Popular* (or as the *Ladies*, who are by  
 far the best Judges, call Them PRETTY) Preach-  
 ers are to enter into *Partnership* with an over-  
 grown wealthy *Master-Builder*; by the one en-  
 gaging to build a CHAPEL of *such* a size, and  
 the other engaging to fill it—what *Subscriptions*  
 to be raised, and *seats* hired, as at other Polite  
 Places

He *forms*, and does with *Oddities* abound,  
Pulls down, builds up, and changes square to  
round !

P 2

MOTTO

N O T E S.

Places of Entertainment—making the *Aisles* (or *Iles*) as small as possible, that no room may be lost, for the *benefit* of the *Poor*, who are expressly ordered in *Scripture*, “ to have the *Gospel* preached unto Them !” But as They, (poor Souls !) can’t afford to take *TICKETS*, They are therefore, by this *NEW* and *EXCELLENT* Method of *Evangelizing*, most *wise’y* excluded !—The whole Work, Gentle Reader, ends with this short but admirable Observation : —

“ Thus the *Builder* becomes *Patron*, and makes  
“ rare *Interest* of his *Money* : and the *Preacher*,  
“ in these *Chapels*, gets fat by having *no care*  
“ of *Souls* upon him, drinks his two *Bottles* a  
“ day, and laughs at his *Bishop*.”

N. B. Annual *TICKETS* for *Pit*, *Boxes*, and *Galleries*, from 10 *Shillings* to 10 *Guineas*.

† It is amazing, Gentle Reader, to think and see what an *happy* and *advantageous* Train of Consequences have arisen to this *once* poor, low, and obscure *NATION*, to make it *conspicuous* in the eyes of all *Europe*, from that well-known *Friend* to *RELIGION* and *VIRTUE*, our late  
great

166 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

MOTTO LVII. *The same.*

“Virtus NOBILITATA,”

O R

“Chastity in HIGH LIFE.”

— — dedit hic pro CORPORE nummos :  
Tutior at quanto merx est in Classe secundâ !

To

N O T E.

great *State-Atlas*, BOB WHIRLPOOL, whom the *Translator* has the honour to boast of as his immortal *Countryman* ! This small *Star* (for at first it could scarce be discerned in the *POLITICAL Horizon*) began to emerge from its *Norfolk* Obscurity about the Year 1710, and was seen over *Old Palace-Yard*, Westminster, but from its *eccentricity* and some wild excursions from its *Orbit*, became a Great *Luminary* and was seen on *Tower-Hill*. To drop the *Metaphor*—From a private Gentleman of about 300*l.* a Year, with an *Head* well turn'd for *Politics*, and a good pair of *Lungs*, he got a *Seat* in the *House* :

To the pious memory of the late LORD  
BALTIMORE.

Truly the BASHAW's was an hard case;  
Pocket to screen—so sweet a Carcase!

P 3

How

N O T E.

*House*: but being young, and not minding his *Arithmetic* at School, made a small mistake of only *Five Hundred Pounds* in a certain *Affair*: for which his *Friends* HARLEY and BOLINGBROKE got Lodgings for him in THE TOWER, gave him *Cocker's Arithmetic* to study, be a good Boy, and mind his Book, or else He certainly would get into *Newgate*; and then would have his *last dying Words* and *Confession*; &c. exposed so as to bring him and his Family to shame! This *Machiavel* in Politics, Gentle Reader, left behind him a most curious and elaborate Work on the whole System of *State Affairs*, shewing very plainly, in particular, "That though it is not only very proper, but "also absolutely necessary to be changing *Mens* "often (when they prove *restive* and *obstinate*) "for the BENEFIT of the *Nation*: yet as to "MEASURES it is not so, but when it can't be "helped;" To which he added some very curious Remarks on "the necessary *Tools* for *Pre-*  
*miers*



How safer much and cheap is trading  
In Vessels of *inferior* Lading.

MOTTO

N O T E.

"*migs* to work withal;"—and "What the  
" *grand, leading* Principle of a *Premier* is, and  
" always should be, if he is desirous to keep  
" his *Post*, have things go on quite smooth and  
" easy, and prevent being flunn'd with such  
" *noisy, bawling, restless, discontented* Fellows as  
" *Charles Fox, Burke, Dyson, Jenkinson, Wed-*  
" *derburn, &c. &c.*" and that is, "That the  
" CORRUPTION of *one* thing is the *Generation* of  
" *Twenty!*"—How far BOB's immediate Succes-  
sors, HARRY SNAFFLE and TOM DUNDER-  
HEAD followed his *rules*, has been most woe-  
fully seen! and how well, or soon, CAPTAIN  
BOREAS, our *present* PALINURUS, (or Pilot) will  
be able to bring *The Britannia* safe into harbour.  
Again, is in the Power of Time only to shew;  
but it is much to be feared, unless the honest,  
old, rough *Tar*, WILL HAYES, takes the *helm*  
again, that she will either founder at Sea, or  
split upon the *Rocks of Scilly, the Goodwin Sands,*  
or *Bishop and Clerks.*

• M O T T O LVIII.— *Juvenal.*

“ Publica Rapina C O R O N A T A , ”

O R

“ A quick and easy way to get a TITLE.”

Aude *aliquid* — — CARCERE *dignum*,  
Si vis esse ALIQUIS !

To

N O T E .

• What *easy* and *laudable* Methods We have now, Gentle Reader, of getting a *Fish* ! either “ by the *soft* and *engaging* Arts of EXTORTION and OPPRESSION abroad in the *East* or *West-Indies*,” or “ at *Home* by raising or lowering the *Stocks* by the BULLS and BEARS according as You want to buy in or sell out,” — “ disposing of *Places* for DOUBLE to keep *poor* Rogues from being troublesome ! with many other *new* and *refined* Schemes in POLITICS unknown to *former* Ages ! These are no bad hints to all those TRIMMERS who are known to be *Good Hands*, but unluckily out of Place by the *Wrong-headedness* of the Times ; and that when they have once more got the *Razor* into their Hands not to forget to shave quite clean as they go. — For this purpose the *Translator* very cordially recommends the following most celebrated *Speech*,  
addressed

164. EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To LORD C——, R——, GOVERNOR  
S——, LORD H——, or any other  
worthy *Wright* of this *font*.

If You'd be a NABOB or a LORD,  
Dare *something* worthy of THE CORD!

MOTTO

N O T E.

addressed by the most *grifful*, *popular* ORATOR  
(not much inferior to SQUIRE WILKES) to the  
*Greatest* and *most respectable* PERSONAGE in the  
World!—(See MILTON's *Paradise Regained*.)

“ Which way, or from what hope dost thou  
aspire

To *Greatness*? whence *Authority* deriv'st?

What *Follow'rs*, what *Retinue* canst gain?

Or at thy heels the dizzy *Multitude*

Longer than Thou canst feed, Them at thy *Cost*?

MONEY brings HONOUR, *Friends*! —

What rais'd *Antipater* and *Herod*? GOLD!

Therefore if at *Great Things* Thou wouldst  
arrive,

Get *Riches* first, get *Wealth*, and *Treasure* heap:

Not difficult, if Thou wilt hearken unto ME;

*Riches* are MINE! *Fortune* is in MY hand!

*Those* whom I favour, thrive in WEALTH amain,

While *Valour*, *Wisdom*, *Virtue*, sit in WANT.”

\* M O T T O LIX. *Horace.*

“ MEA DOMINA apud *fenestram*,

O R

“ SEEING is *Believing.*”

Venimus ad *summum* Fortunæ! *Pingimus*  
atque  
*Pfallimus*, & *luctamur* *ACHIVIS* doctiùs  
unctis!

To

N O T E.

\* If our excellent Poet, *Horace*, could say thus of the *Greeks* only in *his* time, as in the MOTTO, (which is above 1700 Years ago) how much stronger is the application *now* on *our* side both to *Greeks* and *Romans*! Mercy on Us! Gentle Reader,—what complete rules have We from our *Nobility* and *Gentry* on the *modern* way of “denying themselves AT HOME:” as, “Going directly to the Window *Yourself*,” to save the Servants telling a lye, as poor Souls! They have too many Sins of *their own* to answer for) “dropping a Carchee, smiling, and telling your Visitors “that You arn’t *at home*!” So again, our COURT-end of the *Town* Birds of Passage, call’d *Flying* Visitors, will make You *twenty* or *thirty* Visits *before* Dinner, and go fluttering and grinning

To Lady HARRINGTON, and Hundreds of  
the like Spirit and Fashion in "denying  
Themselves at home, &c. &c."

We've almost (*happily!*) filled up  
Of Follies, Vices, Sins, our *Cup!*

We:

N O T E.

grinning about, only to shew the whiteness of  
their Teeth, and speak a thousand things which  
they don't mean; what nice directions They  
have too, how to prevent the time from hang-  
ing heavy on the poor Ladies hands Morning,  
Noon, or Night, "by Face Painting: with  
the only method how to lay on the *Rouge* and  
*Carmin*e from some new-invented. Receipts of  
Lady A——, Lady H——, and Miss  
W——, "Playing with *Veny*, *Poll*, or  
Mr. *PUG*,"—"Going into the City a SHOP-  
PING, and how to conceal a very valuable bit  
of *Lace* or *rich Silk* without discovery, as it very  
fortunately happened; but in December last to the  
*Duchess* of ———, Lady ———, and the  
Honourable Miss R——, at some Capital  
Shops on *Ludgate Hill*; "Or going to an en-  
tertainment, and how to load your Pockets so  
with *Sweet-meats* as not to betray You by break-  
ing the *Strings* as it most unluckily happened to  
Mrs. S—— and A——, two Jew-Merchants  
Wives, Hon. Mrs. F——, a Colonel's Lady,  
and

We paint, dance, sing, with such invention :  
And many other tricks could mention :  
That GREEKS or ROMANS are but Fools  
To Us, who've so improv'd their schools !

• M O T T O L X. *Juvenal.*

“ *Iter ad G A L L I A M,*”

O R

“ A quick and easy way to pay our Debts.”

Proterius

N O T E S.

[and Miss A——, an eminent Physician's Daughter at the Pandemonium about a Month ago ; “ the Play, Opera, Masquerade, Almack's, and “ Gaming at Home,” if you can't go out, and betting 500 to 1000 Guineas on a single Cut or a Card with many other Schemes and Devices entirely new and never invented before. —*Poor old England ! as Razor says.*

\* What happy Effects and great Advantages have arisen, and do daily, to our Merchants, Tradesmen and Mechanics, from this MODERN way of Trade, almost, if not entirely, unknown to our Forefathers in the last Century ! by making an outside appearance as much as possible in Town; and Country-Houses, Equipage, number of Servants in rich Liveries, Sideboards of Plate—sumptuous

168 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

Protinus ad *Censum* de *Moribus* ultima fiet  
 Quæstio: quot pascit *Servos*? quot possidet  
*Agri*  
*Iugera*? quam multâ, magnâque *parepse*  
 cænat?

To

N O T E.

ous Living on the greatest *Rarities* and *Delicacies* that can be procured *in or out of Season* by *Sea or Land*! so that You have *now*, Gentle Reader, exact rules and directions how to proceed if You should *unluckily* make a *stop*, and fail of *Honour*, by Mr. T—— who was in the *Gazette* some time ago, for 70,000*l.* and made the *honest* and *noble* Composition of *HALF A CROWN* in the Pound, being determined to stand quite clear of even a suspicion of *Secreting* his Effects, to the disadvantage of the *Creditors*, and disgrace of the *Debtor*. This *carefull* and *provident* Gentleman, gave an entertainment at his House some time ago, managed with so much *care* and *frugality*, that in the article of *Fruit* only, *no more* than *TWENTY-FIVE Guineas* were expended: and was seen upon *Change* in *less* than a month after he broke, with great *modesty* and *cheerfulness* to receive the congratulations of his Friends on his safe arrival from his *Travels* *ABROAD*. This should be well considered by All Those who are about *mending* their Fortunes by taking a *trip* over to the *Continent*.

To Mr. FORDYCE, and the whole Fraternity of *Bankrupt Brokers*.

From *Alerak* smit the question's made  
To his *Estate* or *Stock in Trade*?  
What *Equipage*? and in what *State*?  
Whether in *China* supp'd or *Plate*?  
What *Lands*? and such—which shew'd the  
*Elf*  
Regarded no one but *Himself*.

~~-----~~ *dedit hæc CENTAGIO labem,*  
*Et debet in plures!* ~~-----~~

*This Song* has spread, and *will*, 'tis fear'd,  
Much farther than is thought or heard!

• M O T T O L X I. *Juvenal.*

“Originalis CAMERA OBSCURA,”

O R

“The Court, City, and Country MAGIC  
LANTHORN,”

Q

In

N O T E.

• The following curious NANNY GOAT,  
Gentle Reader, will account for the droll whim  
and humour of this introductory Title, with  
which



## 479 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

In which every one may take a peep, laugh,  
and shake their *Noddles* at each other, go  
away well-pleased, and your humble Ser-  
vant, *My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.*

Adspice & Hæc—ne fortè aliquid decoctius  
audis!

N O T E.

which the *Translator* was favoured by a Friend  
of his, a Member of *The Bill of Rights*, (or  
WRONGS, which ever the Reader pleases.)—A  
certain well-known Merchant in *The City*, and  
great Frequenter of all the Public Diversions,  
especially at the Court-end of *The Town*, had  
made some short droll remarks on some Subjects,  
which he had picked up at the *Panttheon* the 3d  
Instant, and at other Places in *The City*;—  
going to *Lloyd's Coffee House* the next day, and  
pulling some Papers out of his pocket in a great  
hurry, accidentally dropped this, and went away  
immediately to the Bank and other Places; One  
of the Waiters picked it up, and happening to  
shew it to a Gentleman of humour in the next  
Box, he was so pleased with it, that he told the  
Boy if he would mount the Auctioneer's Rostrum  
there, and read it aloud with a clear, audible  
voice, he would give him *Half a Crown* for his  
Trouble;

*To the frequenters of White's, Almack's,  
Cocoa-Tree, Soho-Square, and Pandæ-  
monium Societies at St. James's end of the  
TOWN—the London Tavern, King's-  
Arms, and all the principal Clubs in The  
City.*

Attend to THESE, lest haply You should  
find  
Nought else so well digested to your Mind!

Q. 2

MOTTO

N. O. T. E.

Trouble; as not much Business of Consequence  
happened to be then stirring, the Boy according-  
ly got up, and read as follows, to the high fun  
and diversion of the Company, especially at the  
Boy's *mistake* at the beginning.

For SALE by *The Candle.*

Several well-known Characters, both at the  
*City and Court-ends of THE TOWN.*

1. On The Right Honourable LORD P——  
and Lady BETTY C——, who might be  
well, when They *were* well. — 2. On the  
Duchess of B—— and Mr. R——,  
Sir WILLIAM A—— and Mrs. W——,  
who seldom *do well.* 3. On Mr. ALDERMAN  
H—— and a *Few Merchant's LADY* who  
might

MOTTO LXII. *Horace.*

† “ CORNU *triumphans.*”

O R

“ THE HORN *exalted.*”

ANGLORUM

N O T E.

might do *much better* if they would but try.—  
 4. On The VICAR of *Bray's* Crest and two Supporters, A *Tythe Pig* by a *Wheat-Sheaf* and a *Barrel of Ale.*—5. On Mr. DEPUTY RUSH walking last Week to Islington, and taking an Old Woman, with her Petty-coats blown about her ears by the Wind, for *A Sow and Pigs.*—  
 6. Another Deceptio Visus (or Mistake in Squinting) of Sir WILLIAM L—— a *Scotch* Baronet, who took a *Tree* covered with *Snow* for the Steeple of his Parish-Church : to which shall be added, “ A *true* Touch upon *false* Optics for the benefit of SECOND SIGHT.—7. On the Pleasures of *Matrimony* at upwards of THREESCORE, occasioned by the rattling of two Bags of Bones in Bed by Mr. and Mrs. M——, some time ago near *The Charter House*, which alarmed the *House* and Neighbours as much as the COCK-LANE *Ghost.*—8. On *Court* and *City* WIND-MILLS : with a table of the different degrees of Wind proper for *each.*—9. On *Womens*

† ANGLORUM pleno diffudit Copia CORNU!

To THE LORD BISHOP of \* \* \* \* \*

Happy in ENGLAND to be born!

Where flourishes the stately HORN.

Q. 3

MOTTO

N O T E.

mens TONGUES: shewing that they are the best  
Machines by far for discovering *The Longitude*;  
an Hint to the PRIME MINISTER to save the  
Nation's Money, as the next General Election be-  
gins to be drawing on.—10. On the INS and  
OUTS, anatomically and physically considered; with  
the Texture and State of the Bones, Flesh,  
Nerves, Arteries and Complexions of the  
LEADERS of each PARTY.—11. On the Rump  
of a GAME COCK dissected and examined on  
the day of the Parliament's Meeting (Novem-  
ber 26), at the *Thatched House Tavern* near St.  
James's by two Dukes, three Lords, and five  
Commoners, with their political remarks on the  
Curiosities found there; for the use and benefit  
of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Rockingham.—  
12. On the dissection also of two great Polit-  
icians, Lords B—— and H—— with  
some shrewed and notable signs on the apparent  
drops of GREASE found on the Palms of both  
their Hands by two eminent State-Surgeons,  
The

MOTTO LXIII. *The same.*

"Regina PECUNIA,"

O R

"MY LORD! I will have THE BREECHES."

A

N O T E S.

The *Irish Jesuit*, EDMUND, and COCKING GEORGE, With a full and true account of the *whiteness* of their *Livers*, and great *Cavities* in their *Hearts*, and various other parts of their *Body-Politic*: occasioned, as supposed, by some *Actions* of *Taxepass* brought against Them.—  
 13. And lastly—On a most curious *Mouse-TRAP*; so ingeniously contrived, as that the *Mouse* could neither get in or out, with a new-invented *Mouse-PIPE*, on such amazing principles as to draw the *Rats* and *Mice* alternately into proper Traps, to the vast diversion of the Spectators; i. e. dancing the hay, like *Bayes* in the *Robearsal* with the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Earth*—one Rat between two Mice, and then one Mouse between two Rats. By the learned Dr. P——, Head of a College in Cambridge;

"With many *others*, tedious now to mention,

"And so, kind Reader, left to *your* invention!"

† The Title of A SERMON, as preached at St. Paul's not long ago before The Lord Mayor, Aldermen,

‡ Instead of *Italia*, for which the *Translator* begs pardon of his Learned Readers.

\* A COMEDY,

To which is added \* A FARCE, called  
"CORNU TI contenti,"

O - R

"Any thing for Peace at Home."

Comis in Uxoribus!

N O T E.

To

*Aldermen, and Common-Council, By a certain Right Reverend; With a large and learned Preface on the Antiquity of the Horn, and the honour of Those who are dignify'd with it. By his Lordship's CHAPLAIN, The Rev. Mr. F—— H——, —dedicated to The Lord Mayor and Court. This most excellent Discourse was delivered by his Lordship with great feeling and energy, the Sunday before HORN FAIR Day, from the following Text, "His HORN shall be exalted with Honour!" A Copy of this was sent by his Lordship to a certain Noble Duke in Purple Binding and Ribbands, gilt leaves, and the covers very richly embossed, with a noble Pair of BRANCHERS doubly tipped.*

\* These humorous Pieces, Gentle Reader, are daily acted (in praise of PETTY-COAT Government,) both at the Court and City ends of the

## 176 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

*To all refractory and jealous HUSBANDS, who  
have been so happy as to wed RICH WIVES.*

Oh! blessedness of such a Life!

When Man is civil to his WIFE.

MOTTO

N O T E.

THE TOWN for the benefit of *all such HUSBANDS*, by *all such WIVES* who very *wisely* and *prudently* known how to keep *the Breeches* when They have got them. At the end of the *Comedy* is an *original Dance* called

“The COURT Ladies.”

O R

“Go You, my Dear, to LADY F——, and  
I’ll visit LORD W—— G——.”

and at the end of the *Farce*, is another, called

“Love in THE CITY,”

O R

“The *good-natured HUSBANDS* kissing their  
WIVES before they go to their *Clubs* or *Parish*  
Meetings.

N. B. These new and curious Dances are introduced by twelve COURT and CITY *Jerry Sneaks*, (well-known Faces) each with a *Pole* in one hand (on the top of which is a noble Pair of Branchers) and a *full bag* in the other, grinning to think that they had got so much SMART Money.

\* M O T T O LXIV. *The same.*

“ *Hic labor, hoc opus est,*”

O R

“ The *smooth* way to PLACES and PENSIONS, through the *rough* paths of *Satire* and *Reflection*.

Accipe quâ ratione queas *ditescere* ! namque  
Et *Genus*, & *Virtus*, nisi cum RE, vilior  
algâ est !

To

N O T E.

\* To shew, Gentle Reader, how hurtful it is to have one's bread buttered *too much*, may be most deplorably seen in the instance of the late unfortunate WILL HAYES, Esq. a very honest and worthy YEOMAN of *Kent*, who, to the grief and loss of the whole Nation, was carry'd off, not many years ago, by being too greedy of BUTTER, and laid in an UPPER ROOM, after the old *Jewish* Custom of Burial, in order for Interment with his NOBLE Ancestors of *pious* and *unblemished* Memory, LORDS OXFORD, BOLINGBROKE, OXFORD, &c. However—To shew You, at the same time, how wonderfully our Constitutions are improved even since WILL's  
*Death*



178 **EPGRAMS and MOTTOS**

To Mess. T. WALPOLE, T. TOWNSHEND, W. ELLIS, C. FOX, QUNSLAW, HARLEY, &c.  
*not forgetting all those PEERS as well as  
 COMMONERS, known by the name of TRIM-  
 MERS, who will have their Bread buttered  
 on both sides.*

How to grow rich, attend a while  
 And I'll relieve You from your toil:  
 Since *Birth* and *Virtue* (plain enough!);  
 Is vilely held without **THE STUFF!**

**MOTTO.**

**N O T E.**

*Death*, both in *Church* as well as *State*, the many  
 happy Instances in *both*, as You may see every  
 day by their rolling in their Chariots  
 with *rosy* Faces and *well-fed*, *plump* Bellies,  
 do plainly testify! Some people may talk of  
 "*Hard Times!*" but alas! this is only by your  
*poor dull ROGUES* who don't know how to get  
 any thing; who are always talking of *Conscience*,  
*Honesty*, and what not! there might be *such*  
 things formerly in the days of good *QUEEN*  
*BESS!*—but now! where are They to be found?  
 The *Translator* therefore heartily recommends to  
 all our *Young Nobility* and *Gentry* who are just  
 entered, or want to get into **THE HOUSE**, the  
 few following safe and easy *Rules* (especially if  
 They are but *blest* with the *modest* Front and  
*braces.*

\* MOTTO LXV. *The same.*

Difficile est Satyram non scribere; nam quis  
iniquæ

Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat &c?

To

N O T E.

*Braven Lungs* of Sir BULL-FACE!) which he very luckily saw the other day stuck up in *The Lobby*, as he was going to Westminster-hall.

RULES to be observed by all those Men of either *true or false* Eloquence, who want to have their Mouths stopped in time with *Pudding and Beef*.—When You are performing your Devotions to THE IDOL in *St. Stephen's Chapel*, always observe to *nod or dissent* as *He* would have You—but, be sure, You don't (like honest Sir FRANCIS) say YES when You should say No.—1<sup>st</sup>ly. But if this won't get what You want, then let HONOUR and CONSCIENCE, (at last) *barrel* out aloud, and threaten THE IDOL with your Fift doubled; as then the *Worshipper* will be *quashed* (as the *Indians* do the *D---I*, through Fear) which will soon do your business, by getting your request granted.—3<sup>d</sup>ly and lastly.—When any thing is offered You by THE IDOL, be sure to make *Good Terms*: whether it is to *Possession* only, or *Reversion* and to *what* Generation

## 180 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To Lord TOWNSHEND, a well known Enemy  
to SATIRE and CARICATURE !

Not to write Satire, is difficil  
In these Times, more than Birds to whistle ;  
To see Court, City, Country, and not speak,  
Is harder much, My Lord ! than Pigs to  
squeak.

MOTTO LXVI. Horace.

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam ad-  
spice, ne mox  
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem !

To Lord WEYMOUTH, who is very nice in  
his Recommendations.

Whom You commend, examine well within,  
And sift him nicely o'er and o'er again :  
Lest he should prove unworthy of the boon,  
And make You blush, commending him too  
soon !

MOTTO

N O T E.

Generation of your Family the Reversion is to  
descend, whether third or fourth, or to be  
limited only to Yourself, Wife, and Child.

MOTTO LXVII. *Ovid.*

Heu! quam difficile est *Crimen* non prodere  
*Factu!*

To Lord FALMOUTH, who is seldom seen to  
blush, at Court, but when he does a pious  
or virtuous action.

Alas! my Lord! how hard's the keeping  
A Crime beneath our Face from peeping!

MOTTO LXVIII. *Juvenal.*

Nil habet infelix *Paupertas* durius in se  
Quam quod *ridiculos* homines facit!

To Sir LAWRENCE DUNDAS, and OTHER  
UNFORTUNATE *Commissaries* in Germany.

Nought more severe has *Poverty* than this is,  
“ That it does subject Men to scorn and  
bisses!

R

MOTTO

182 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO LXIX. *Ovid.*

*Liver*, iners vitium, mores non exit in altos,  
Utque latens imâ *Vipera* serpit humo !

To LORD WEYMOUTH, and the rest of the  
OUTS.

*Envy's* a Vice, that ne'er on high does  
bound,  
But, like the lurking *Viper*, creeps on lowest  
ground !

MOTTO LXX. *Juvenal.*

Haud facile emergunt, quorum *Virtutibus*  
obstat  
*Res angusta domi* ! —

To SIR GEORGE COLEBROOKE, and other  
East India DIRECTORS of the same Kid-  
ney.

Those, whose *great Virtues* by the adverse  
Surge  
Are beaten much, don't easily emerge !

MOTTO

MOTTO LXXI. *Old.*

*Omne solum Fortis patria est, ut Piscibus  
æquor,  
Ut Volueri vacuo quicquid in orbe patet!  
Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Cunctos  
Ducit, & immemores non finit esse sui!*

*To the Honourable Mr. CHOLM——Y. \**

As Fish the Sea, and Birds the Air do claim,  
So every Country's to the BRAVE the same!  
How each soil draws its Native, I don't know  
And keeps him mindful of her, but 'tis so!

R 2

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* This worthy Wight, Gentle Reader! was,  
it seems, formerly in the Army: and in one of  
our late German Campaigns, in the heat of a  
Battle, had the misfortune, like his Brother  
Captain Bobadil, to be Planet-struck! "Planet-  
struck by Jupiter!" — However—He took  
care

MOTTO LXXII. *Undatum.*

Heu ! fragile Humanum Genus ! heu ! ter-  
restria vana !

Heu ! quam *spēlatum* continet urna †  
*Virum !*

To

## NOTES.

care to keep himself so far from being struck into the Ground, as to be able to run off with his Breeches in his hands, (for he had lost his Mustot from the stroke) and got behind a *Sack of Flour*, and told the Serjeant, “ he was now ready to receive the Enemy, come there if “ he dare ! ” This *brave* and *gallant* Officer took his Friend Hudibras’s advice : for he liv’d to come home again, but not “ to fight another “ day ! ” for he thought better on’t, and got a certain good-natured Right Reverend to ordain him—so he now rests in peace in the arms of his *Mother-Church*, and basks in the sunshine of the *Gospel*, where he is no *less* eminent than in the *Field* ! Tam *Ecclesiā* quam *Morte*,<sup>†</sup> i. e. Gentle Reader ! as honest *Master Faunt* renders it, “ equally courageous and skillfull in both ! ”

† This Latin Distich concludes the Epitaph on a TRUE and GENUINE Patriot (as the Reader will

To Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, CREAM-  
COLOURED Tommy, JAMES OSWALD,  
Jerry MYNCO, CHARLES FOX, and  
CHARLES JENKINSON, Esqrs. and the rest  
of those real PATRIOTS who are daily  
dying for their Country, that their Families  
may live the better upon it!

Alas ! how frail is human kind !  
All earthly things how vain !  
Yet one of what *exalted* mind  
Does this small urn contain !

R 3

MOTTE

N O T E.

will see presently) the famous ANDREW MAR-  
VEL, Esq. Member of Parliament for Kingston  
upon Hull, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Charles  
II. and who was the glory of REAL Patriotism !  
The foregoing part of his Epitaph is in English.  
Could the Translator see *such* Patriots *now-a-days*,  
he would forfeit his ears to be nailed to the Pil-  
lory for the benefit of *those* Patriots who call  
Themselves "*The King's Friends* !" "*The*  
"*Court-Party*" sent to Mr. MARVEL one day  
for



MOTTO LXXIII. *Horace.*

Verum opere in *longo* fas est obrepere *sum-*  
*nam!*

— — — — quandoque bonus dormitat  
HOMERUS!

To

N O T E.

“ for his *Vote*, with a message from the *King*,  
“ by his Treasurer, *Lord Danby*, and a present  
“ of a THOUSAND Pounds in case he would  
“ give it, which he rejected with a most noble  
scorn and indignation, tho’ at the very time he  
“ was in no small distress! for *Lord Danby* was  
“ no sooner gone, than he was forced to send to  
“ a Friend in the Strand to lend him a *Guinea*  
“ to keep him from *starving!*”—O *Patriotism!*  
how art thou now fallen! Where is now your  
*Pericles, Aristides, Epaminondas, Curtius, Curius,*  
and *Cincinnatus?* Our modern Patriots talk so  
much about “Public Good, and Public Vir-  
“ tue,” that they quite *forget* Themselves and  
their Families: and therefore to shew their zeal  
to the last, have adopted for *their Motto*, the fol-  
lowing well-known, excellent Passage of *Horace*,

“ Dulce

To the Honourable STEPHEN FOX, Esq.

In long Affairs, if thro' bad fight,  
You can't get on your *Conjuring-Cap* :  
'Tis lawful then to bid good night  
And take a comfortable nap!

'Tis

N O T E.

" Dulce & decorum est *pro patria Mori* !"

which the *Translator*, as in duty bound to the  
*Ladies* and his *English Readers*, humbly appre-  
hends it means thus, " That it were good for  
" *this Country* if some People had been *hanged*  
" *TWELVE Years ago!*" Our modern PATRIOTS,  
therefore, plainly shew, " That the *old Greeks*  
" and *Romans* knew nothing at all of the matter  
" about REAL *Patriotism* : so that honest Mas-  
" ter HORACE must certainly have got too  
" much of the *juice of the Grapes* in his *Noddle*,  
" when he wrote the above Sentence : and that  
" instead of *Mori*, he should have wrote *VI-*  
" *VERE*, as witness *VERRES*, *CLODIO*, *CATA-*  
" *LINA*, *CATHEGUS*, and other such TRUE and  
" ONLY *Patriots*." And, " That the above  
" *PARTICLES*, &c. and all others of *that stamp*,  
" were

188. EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

'Tis true in fact, but may perhaps look odd,  
That MASTER STEPHEN's sometimes seen  
to nod!

MOTTO LXXIV. *Juvenal.*

Maxima debetur PUERIS reverentia!

To † LORD HOLDERNESS.

I know not, *My Lord!* how this Caution  
may suit You,  
But take care that You don't "*cheat THE*  
"*SON of his Duty!*"

MOTTO

N O T E S.

"were a parcel of Fools and Madmen (the  
"NORTHUMBERLANDS, TEMPLES, CAM-  
"DENS, SAVILLES, WYNNES, &c. of *those*  
"Ages!) for making such a ridiculous, bel-  
"lowing and noise in the *Senates* of, ATHENS  
"and ROME about *Virtue* and *Honesty*—leaping  
"into *Gulphs*—rejecting *Money* when offered to  
"them—going to *Plough*—eating *Turnips*, like  
"good Lord *Rockingham*, and such like MAD  
"Tricks!"

† That the *innocence* of *this* Motto may be  
placed in it's proper point of light to the eye of  
*some*

*Translated, imitated, &c.* 189

MOTTO LXXV. *Ovid.*

*Terra salutifera herbis eademque nocentes  
Nutrit, & Urticæ proxima sæpe Rosa est!*

*To our LORDS and LADIES of Quality—of  
no Quality,—and all Qualities, frequenting  
Public Places.*

*Good and bad herbs does the same Earth dis-  
close,  
And near the Nettle often sits the Rose!*

FROM THE MOUTH OF A

MOTTO

N O T E.

*One of his Readers, the Translator thinks it but  
right that They should be told that this very  
honest and truly worthy Nobleman has the hon-  
our to be Governor to the Prince of Wales, and  
at the same time the modesty and gratitude (in re-  
turn for the Confidence which his Royal and  
Honest Master has placed in him) to be a well-  
known and excellent FRIEND to the King's Re-  
venues at the CUSTOM-HOUSE.*

190 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO LXXVI. *The same.*

Jam propera, nec te venturas differ in horas:  
Qui non est *hodie*, *cras* minus aptus erit!

To Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, *Ranelagh-House*,  
punctual to an hour in his Payments.

Now hasten, nor put off the coming hour;  
Who's slow to *day*, to *morrow* will be slower!

MOTTO LXXVII. *Horace.*

NATURAM expellas furca, tamen usque re-  
curret!

To LORD SPENCER HAMILTON.

You may force as You please, *My Lord!*  
honest DAME NATURE,  
But she *still* will return, Thou smart, *se-*  
*venly* Creature!

MOTTO

MOTTO LXXVIII. *Unknown.*

\* GALLIA! vicisti, profuso turpiter auro,  
*Armis pauca, Dolo plurima, Jure nihil!*

To GENERAL PAOLI, on the French filching  
from him his Island of CORSICA in  
1769.

FRANCE! by thy brib'ry spreading o'er,  
Thou dost thy Foes enthrall:  
By Arms but few, by Tricking, more,  
But none, by Right, at all!

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* This very pretty, expressive, and concise  
Epigram in the *Latin*, not unworthy the pen of  
*Martial* himself, was said, at that time, to have  
been written and sent over here by an *Italian*  
Nobleman, whose name the *Translator* could  
never learn.

492 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

\* M O T T O LXXIX. *Horace.*

— — — *Quidam memoratur Athenis,  
Sordidus ac dives—Populi contemnere voces  
Sic solitus: "Populus me sibilat, at mihi  
plaudo  
Ipse domi: simul ac nummos contemplor in  
Arcâ!*

*To the well-known very worthy, generous, hu-  
mane, and charitable SOLOMON FAINT,  
Esq. of Bath, this Passage is very humbly  
and modestly address'd!*

There is (as goes in modern song)  
At Bath, a rich old Hunk, one L——G :  
Who's wont to himself, with chuckling eyes  
The Public Voice thus to despise :  
"The

N O T E.

\* This Passage was design'd by the *Translator*  
in September, 1771, as a *Motto* for Mr. FOOTE's  
late new Play, "*The Maid of Bath.*"

“ The *People* may hiss, and may scratch }  
    with their claws, }  
“ Whilst at home I am sure to meet with }  
    applause, }  
“ In laughing at Them, when I’m over }  
    my draw’rs ! }

\* MATTO LXXX. TULLY, in *Senectute*.

Vita bene Actæ jucundissima est recorda-  
tio !

S

To

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* (in order to far to escape the smartest and pleasantry of the *Critics* upon him) is to inform the *Ladies* and his *English* Readers, that the Author of the above Passage, was no Poet, though the greatest *Orator* in the World !—This Passage was taken by Mr. POPE and applied to the late famous Actor Mr. BETTERTON, which the *Translator* here has applied also to Mrs. CLIVE.



*To that celebrated and justly admired Actress,  
Mrs. CLIVE, who about three or four sea-  
sons ago retired from the The Stage.*

"T' have ACTED well our Part in Life,"

" 'Tis pleasant to remember !"

Whether as † *Widow, Maid, or Wife,*

In ‡ April or December ;

*Yet Others Follies on The Stage*

Whilst *We* have amply shown :

'Tis useful when *advanc'd in Age,*

To recollect our own.

MOTTO

N O T E S.

† Alluding to her three Characters of the *Widow Blackacre, Flora,* and *Lady Fuz,* in *The Plain Dealer, the Wonder,* and *The Peep behind the Curtain.*

‡ For Rythm-fake only.

MOTTO. LXXXI. *Horace.*

O Imitatores ! *Servum Pecus !* ut mihi sæpe  
*Bilem, sæpe Jocum vestri movere Tumultus !*

TO THE MACARONIES.

Ye *Servile Herd !* how often at your *folly,*  
Have I been deadly cut with *Laugh* and  
*Melancholy !*

A Dialogue, in the month of October last,  
between THOMAS WOZENCRAFT, Esq.  
a brave honest Officer in the Navy, and  
Lieutenant OHOANEY in the same Ship ;  
—as they were walking together in *The*  
*Park.*

*The Capt.*—"Who's that fribbling, that  
mincing, that sweet-scented Fellow,  
So with silver bedaub'd, and bepowdered, in  
yellow !

That driv'ling, amphibious, fantastical Elf,  
Who's fond (like *Narcissus*) of nought but  
himself !

*Herself* I should say : for by such looks so  
tender,

The pretty thing seems of the *Epicœne*  
Gender !

196 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

That finical, wriggling, Nonentity Quid-  
nunc,

Who's sure to be sober for fear that he is  
drunk !

That Woman-like, Hermaphroditical Booby,  
With his Hair so bagg'd up, Coach-horse  
like, a great Looby !"

*Paddy*.—" By my faith ! I can't tell You,  
cries *Patrick Oboaney*,

But that's a *straunge Crature*, They call MA-  
CARONI."

MOTTO LXXXII. *The same.*

*Syrenis vocem, CIRCES & pocula nostri !*

You know the *Jade's* winning, alluring  
Voice,

And *Mother Cola's Bottle* that makes Us  
rejoice.

*To a celebrated Female Performer, going down  
with Mr. FOOTE in November, 1770, to  
The Theatre Royal at Edinburgh.*

Adieu ! sweet *Syren* of the ear !

Thou *Pearl* of *real* worth !

Farewell ! and mayst Thou now appear

The *JEWEL* of *The North* !

MOTTO

Translated, imitated, &c. 197

MOTTO LXXXIII. *The same.*

*Fœdum* habet in CORNU !

*His niger est ! HUNC Tu, Romana, caveto !*

Of this mild LAMBKIN, *Briton*, have a care !

As he's a dang'rous Animal, pray beware !

S 3

To

N O T E.

• How admirably, Gentle Reader, our CHURCH Discipline is kept up by her Right Trusty and Worthy Governors, may be fully seen and as happily felt, even from the Instance of this *Leviathan* floundering about in the miry and filthy Ocean of POLITICS ! Indeed as to her Temporal Emoluments, *They* are in no such danger of being neglected or forgotten : her Friends can't help looking on with an eye of Pity and Indignation, and her Enemies will tell *it* with pleasure. It would be endless as well as disagreeable, to trace the evil and mischievous Consequences of this scandalous and shameful NEGLECT up to its Fountain Head, through all its various Windings of COMMENDAMS, DISPENSATIONS, PLURALITIES, NON-RESIDENCE on Dioceses as well as Livings, the boyish and absurd DRESS of the Younger Clergy, as to CURL'D

HAIR

## 198 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

*To a pretended patriotic PARSON. On seeing  
further Letters of his some time ago to  
JUNIUS.*

Still at your *Palittes*, DOCTOR ! always  
writing !  
No time for Sermons of your own inditing !  
You're

### N O T E.

HAIR, SCRATCH WHIGS, WHITE STOCKINGS  
and LEATHER BREECHES, with a long train of  
ET CÆTERAS ! Not to mention the infamous  
STOCK-JOBING of *Living*s, daily in our *Public  
Papers* ! by which means (whatever the *Eccle-  
siastical*, or, *Common* Lawyers may pretend to say  
in defence of it) it is difficult to conceive how a  
Man can possibly *purchase* one HIMSELF (*directly  
or indirectly*) and, at the same time, stand clear of  
that most *strict* and *solemn* OATH which is re-  
quired of him by the *Bishop* at INSTITUTION !  
Should not this Oath then be either wholly  
abolished, or an entire stop put to the *purchase* of  
*Living*s ? It is *pretended* that the *Ecclesiastical*  
Law does *not* make it SIMONY : but what has  
that to do with a Man's CONSCIENCE in *this*  
Case, which if not scared, will always pay due  
reverence to an OATH !—We are come to that  
pass now, that where ONE *Living* is presented  
entirely GRATIS, an HUNDRED are sold, and  
that

You're right—" A BISHOP never breath'd  
upon Thee !"  
The D—L took the *Gown* and clapped it on  
Thee !

MOTTO

N O T E.

*that as publicly as Cattle at Smithfield !—The Translator does not pretend to make the least merit of his own Integrity in the following Anecdote, since he has the pleasure to know some Others of his Brethren that are equally so : but only to relate a plain Matter of Fact that happened to himself, not quite two Years ago.—*  
" He was given to understand by a Gentleman, that if he went to a CERTAIN Person of great connections with MEN IN POWER, he might, at last, after having been *so many* Years in Orders, get a Piece of *Church Preferment* ; he waited upon him accordingly :—when he came into the Room, " Now, Mr. S—, said he, " (smiling and *scratching* the palm of his hand) I " can help You to the *next Living* that falls in " the KING's Gift, or any Piece of *Preferment* " *under* a Deanery."—" SIR, I plainly understand your meaning : but You must give Me " leave to tell You, or the PRIME MINISTER " *himself*, That, was LAMBETH now vacant, " and his MAJESTY would put Me into possession of it, on condition of giving only A " SINGLE SIX-PENCE, I protest most solemnly,

" I

200 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO LXXXIV. *Virgil.*

— — tantæne animis COELESTIBUS iræ?

And can such *ravings* dwell in HEAVENLY  
minds?

Oh! *Liberty!* (*my King!*) and *Country!*

CATO.

To

N O T E.

“I would not do it?”——“How, Sir? I  
“am astonished!—I plainly perceive You are  
“Sir—by your not knowing, I suppose, what  
“a very strict and solemn OATH We take at  
“the Institution to a *Living, Prebend, &c.*—  
“No indeed I profess I did not.—Upon which I  
“repeated it to him, word for word, and took  
“my leave of him.”——Most *Excellent* truly?  
if the *Royal* Bounty is to be thus perverted and  
abused, what rare *encouragement* for Merit and  
Learning! How far it concerns *all* Patrons to  
consider this Point, They Themselves can best  
tell; The *Translator* only begs leave to ask the  
following question, “If *These* (who, either by  
“Themselves, or *knowingly* by Others, dispose  
“of *Church* Præferments in *this* manner) are not  
“guilty of NATIONAL SACRILEGE?”

To Mr. ALDERMAN HARLEY and the CITY  
PATRIOTS, on their being set together by the  
Ears, by the MINISTRY, and then falling out  
desperately with each other.

The Patriots Cause is bad, no doubt,  
A Judgment on their Sin !  
They're by TOM HARLEY beat without,  
And by THEMSELVES within !

M O T T O LXXXV. Ovid.

FORMA bonum fragile est !

That BEAUTY's form is a *frail Good*,  
Is plain—but little understood !

To Lady SPENCER, on a Capital Painting of  
Her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in last Year's  
Exhibition of The Royal Academy.

What Grace ! what Ease ! what Elegance  
combin'd !

Hail ! happy Types of her all-pleasing Mind !

Yet let Me tell You, DELIA, Beauty's  
flower,

How short and fleeting ! like the present  
hour,

Shews how We should by Virtue's Graces  
prove

Ourselves most worthy of these Joys ABOVE.

MOTTO



MOTTO LXXXVI.

*Totus Mundus agit HISTRIONEM* \* !

Blame not *The Stage* for evil Facts :  
Since † *The whole World* THE PLAYER 'acts' !

To MRS. BARRY, on seeing her some considerable time ago in *The Fair Penitent*.

Go on, sweet Actress ! and You, not long hence,  
Will prove CALLISTA in the † *original* sense !

N O T E S.

\* This Motto is from another *Prose-Writer*, whose name the *Translator* forgets.

† What is more common (and yet nothing more unjust or ungrateful), than to hear People throwing out their Invectives against *The Stage*, as if *that* was the sole corrupter of our Morals ! The *Translator* is as much surprized at the mistake as the severity of their Sentiments of "a Set of People," who take such Pains every night to make Us return home wiser and better than We came there, if We had but the *Sense* to discern, and the *Heart* to practice ! He therefore begs leave to point out their *mistake*, and  
*severity*

† The word *Callista*, in the *Greek*, signifying "The best."

M O T T O LXXXVII. *Horace.*

Nil desperandum TUCRO *Duce*, & *Auspice*  
TEUCRO !

Under such TROJAN *Guides*, there's no room  
for despairing :  
Since thro' both *thick* and *thin* They will give  
You an airing !

To

N O T E.

*Severity*, by offering it as his humble opinion,  
“ That it is absurd to pretend reforming The  
Stage before The Nation, and particularly The  
Town ;” the business of a *Dramatic* Writer be-  
ing, as he supposes, to *copy* Human Nature, and  
*represent* Things as they *really* are upon the great  
Stage of the World. Let our *Nobility* and *Gentry*  
then only leave off their *Luxury*, *Wh---r---g*, and  
*Gaming* ; the *Citizens*, their *Cheating* and *Extra-  
vagance* ; the *Clergy* their *Quarrels*, *Pride*, and  
*Covetousness* ; the *Lawyers* and *Physical Quacks*  
their *Tricks* and *Rogueries* and the *Women*  
*Vanity*, *Folly*, and *Intriguing*, and he will for-  
feit his ears to be nailed to the *Pillory*, if the  
Stage don't reform presently. Besides—the *seve-  
rity* of their *Sentiments* too ; for was such a  
reformation as *this* to take place, Mercy on Us !  
what would become of all the poor *Parsons*,  
*Lawyers*,

To THE BENCHERS of the Inner and Middle  
Temple; on the Lamb and Horse being their  
two Insignia.

The LAMB, the Lawyer's Innocence declares,  
The HORSE, their Expedition in Affairs;  
Hail,

N O T E.

Lawyers, and Physicians? Their Trades would  
not be worth following; whereas now, They  
ride in their Coaches, preach three or four times  
o'Year and make nothing on't; get their Clients  
locked up so in Westminster-Hall, that They  
can't get out again all their Life-time;  
and kill their Patients by Hundreds *secundum*  
*Artem*, that is, Gentle Reader, by the Pestle and  
Mortar. But what is worst of all—What would  
become of Little DAVID, Master GEORGE and  
Co. and MOTHER COLE's Bottle? To be sure  
it would be good fun to see their Stage Doors  
shut up, They peeping over, and the SAINTS  
of the Tabernacle passing by and comforting  
Them with "Oho, my Masters! What are  
" Ye there, Cocks! Ye div'llish Imps of Satan,  
" and Ministers of Beelzebub! What! We've  
" got Ye now! have We so? We'll beat the  
" d——l's Tattoo upon your doors now, as Ye  
" would not suffer it to be done before upon  
" your Consciences; Now then for a glorious  
" end of this Reformation, and a Millennium State!"

Hail, Happy Men! for choosing two such  
*Types,*

As plainly shew Ye give the World no *Wipes*;  
For Who dares say that SUITS are at a *stand*,  
When two such Virtues both go hand in  
hand?

No more let CHANC'RY-LANE be endless  
counted,

Since You're by LAMB and HORSE so nobly  
mounted!

\* M O T T O LXXXVIII. *The same.*

— — — — — Ingenium res  
*Aquæse* CELARE solent, —

*Distress*, our Mind will sometimes VARNISH  
over.

T

T.

N O T E.

\* *This Epigram, Gentle Reader! was written  
by this very learned PROFESSOR and DIVINE,  
who had often declared to his Friends his full  
resolution of never engaging again in the Holy  
State,*

266 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

To DOCTOR M——, a REV. DIVINE,  
and Cambridge PROFESSOR.

*Some* CLERKS have *many* Wives : *some* *four*,  
*some* *five* :

The verriest, lowdest, rankest *Goats* alive !  
Not I ! my *first* dear Wife my *last* shall  
prove,

Adieu *Connubial* Joys ! Adieu to *Love* !  
For what are all *Connubial* Joys to come,  
To *Me* ! who've lost the *best* in *Christendom* !

A PA-

N O T E.

*State*, upon the *inconsolable* loss of his *first* DEAR SPOUSE : Yet, notwithstanding his said resolution, (as 'tis in vain to expect *Perfection* here below ! ) he was seen leading up, like a good *Patriarch* of old, his *Handmaid* to *Hymen's Altar* within *less* than *three* months after he had bury'd his first DEAR RIB.—The *Translator* has only humbly attempted the *Parody*, and endeavoured to adapt the *Mottoes* to them.

A PARODY on the above Epigram

— — — — NUDARE Se:unda.

But "second Thoughts being best," will  
soon DISCOVER.

Some CLERKS have *second* thoughts, some  
*four*, some *five* :

The strangest, ficklest *Weather-cocks* alive !  
Not I ! my *first* Resolve my *last* shall prove,  
Welcome *Connubial* Joys ! O welcome *Love* !  
For what to me are all my *Years* to come ?  
Unless my *Rose* will have me, I'm struck  
dumb !

\* M O T T O LXXXIX. *Perfius.*

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi Te scire hoc sciat*  
*Alter.*

What's *all* the learning of a COLLEGE ?  
Unless to *Others* They give knowledge.

T 2

To

M O T T O.

\* This Copy of Verses was occasioned by the  
*Translator's* being down at *Oxford* about the end  
of

## 208 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES;

*To the Right Rev. The DEAN and CHAPTER  
of Christ-Church, in Oxford.*

As honest old *Radcliffe* was peeping about  
Fam'd *Pechwater-Square* in the close of the  
day ;

He hemm'd and he cough'd, and at last  
spy'd a † *Scout*,

† “ *Quot' est hora ?* ” my Boy ! can you tell  
me, I pray ?

Good

### N O T E.

of the Summer upon a visit to a Friend of his of great humour and pleasantry, who was a *Master of Arts Student* of *Christ-Church*, with whom he spent the best part of a Month most agreeably ; happy in every thing, but the want now and then of some particular *Editions* of the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics, especially *Homer* and *Tully*, which he was told were in the *Library* ; his Friend, and other ingenious and agreeable Gentlemen of the College, took pains to procure them for him, but all to no purpose ! for after many messages, Word, at last, was sent “ That the *Library* was “ *shut up*, and They could not possibly be had.” They happened to be walking together in company

Good and Reverend Sir ! you may talk as  
 you please,  
 But must needs think I don't understand  
 your learn'd *Lingo* :  
 I'd rather You'd give me some *Bread* and  
 some *Beefe*,  
 With a good dram of *Gin*, or a Bottle of  
*Stingo* :

T 3

Buo

N O T E S .

pany with others, that very evening, at one end  
 of the *Square*, about dusk, when They were  
 surprized, at some distance, with an odd Ap-  
 pearance of something like a Woman, stuffed up  
 in *white*, hanging upon a small rope : upon their  
 drawing nearer, some arch Boys at the other end  
 giving the signal, cry'd out, " A *Ghost*, a *Ghost* !"  
 and away they run : snap went the rope, and  
 down dropped *Dido* ! The oddity of this Af-  
 fair, which proved harmless and diverting  
 enough, gave the *Translator* the hint for the  
 above Verses.

† A *Scout* in *Oxford* is what We call in *Cam-*  
*bridge*, a *Cyp*, " One who goes on Errands."

‡ " What's o'clock ?"



## 216 EPIGRAMS and MOTTO.

But how now ? what's here, pray,—the *Li-  
brary shut ?*

Are *Homer* and *Tully* to be only *immur'd* ?  
Farewell *Greek* and *Latin* ! I'll hie to my  
‡ *Hut*,

Under good *Bishop Fell* they were ne'er so  
secur'd ;

O Sir ! strange doings now ! tho' I'm one  
of small knowledge,

But our *wise DEAN and CHAPTER*, like right  
cunning *Elves* :

Know there's but *little Learning* now stir-  
ring in College,

And *that* they're determin'd to keep to *Them-  
selves*.

MOTTO

### N O T E.

‡ *Hut* is used only for Rythm-sake here, and  
means the *Grave*, as it was Radcliffe's *supposed*  
Ghost.

MOTTO XC. *Terence.*

ILIAS in Nuce,\*

O R

“ A NUT for all the *Critics, Conjurers,* and  
Clever Fellows in the two Cities of London  
and Westminster.

*Davus* sum, *non* OEDIPUS!

That I'm *no* CONJURER, I agree,  
But honest *Davus* as You see!

Another *most* curious \* *Enigma*, or *Riddle*,  
which the *Translator* humbly apprehends  
is best adapted to, and calculated for the  
Meridian of *Broad St. Giles's, Hockley*  
*o' th' Hole*, and all the little *Alleys, Lanes,*  
and *Cloze* Places.

In *denfis Sykuis* venor, *bis quinque catellis* :  
Quod *capio*, *perdo* : quod *non capio*, *mihi*  
*servo*.

*Translated*

N O T E.

\* If the Reader remembers, he has already  
met with two Riddles before, at Epigrams the  
XXVth and XXVIth, both excellent of their  
kind!

## 212 EPIGRAMS and MOTTO

*Translated into English for their benefit.*

With *Dogs* five couple, in thick woods I  
roam :

What's *catch'd*, I kill : what's *not*, I keep at  
home.

*And into Greek, ( see also Epigram the 99th )  
for the Amusement of DOCTOR FRANKLIN,  
and other learned and ingenious Gentlemen,  
both of the Laity as well as Clergy, to whom  
the Translator has the honour and pleasure of  
being known in and about the City.*

Σὺν δὲς πάντα κυσί, ἢ πυκναῖς λοχμαῖσι ἀγρεύω :  
ἢ διχομαί, κτείνω : τί μὴ, τηρῶ μὲν ἑμαυτῷ.

MOTTO

N O T E.

kind ! This now before Us is not destitute of  
Ingenuity, though somewhat indelicate, but no  
ways *obscene* ; otherwise, the *Translator* would  
by no means have suffered it to have defiled his  
Page ; for though no Man living loves Humour  
and Pleasantry better than himself, yet he ad-  
mits it only on two Conditions, *Decency* and  
*Good Nature*. — This Epigram, in *Latin*, was  
given him some time ago, by a smart School-  
Boy, who either did not know, or forgot the  
Author of it. However, as there is Ingenuity  
and Humour in it, he thought it might be ac-  
ceptable to his Readers. He imagines this will  
want no solution, it being a pretty obvious one,  
as appears by *Those* to whom it is address.

\* M O T T O XCI. *Horace.*

Unde nil *maius* generatur Ipso !  
Nec viget quidquam *simile* !

For what is *He* among the *Gods* ? that shall  
be like unto THE LORD !

*Psaln 89, v. 7.*

*On the Passage of the ISRAELITES out of  
Ægypt.*

When *Ægypt's* King God's chosen Tribes  
persu'd,  
In chrystal walls th' *admiring* Waters flood !  
When

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* was favoured with this very  
beautiful *Epigram* by an *Unknown* Hand ; He  
has only endeavoured to adapt the *Motto*, and  
even *that* he could *not* translate by any means  
equal to his Wishes, so he had recourse to that  
ever flowing Fountain of the *true* Sublime in  
Writing, THE BIBLE ! on this very particular  
and extraordinary subject : for which he trusts he  
has not the least occasion to make an Apology  
with his kind and candid Readers.

214 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

When thro' the Desert wild They took their  
way,  
The Rocks *relented!* and poured forth a  
*Sea!*  
What limits can ALMIGHTY GOODNESS  
know?  
When Seas can *harden!* and when Rocks  
can *flow!*

MOTTO XCII. *The same.*

Dignum laude *Virum* Musa vetat mori!

To LORD LYTLETON.

The Muse forbids *the Man* to dye,  
Whose fame is tow'ring to the Sky!

MOTTO XCIII. *The same.*

Det vitam, det opes!

To the DUTCHESS of ANCASTER.\*

*Belinda's Toy* shall credit give,  
And teach a *Genius* how to live!

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* inscribes this to *Her Grace*,  
as she is said to be remarkable for her elegant,  
taste in that pretty female *implement*, called THE  
FAN.

MOTTO XCIV. *The same.*

Si pranderet *olus* patienter, REGIBUS uti  
Nollet ARISTIPPUS ! —

If on *plain herbs* could ARISTIPPUS dine,  
After a MÂTRE he'd ne'er fret and whine !

*To a certain \* COURT-CHAPLAIN, on his late  
Translation of some FRENCH Sermons, and  
dedicated to The PRINCE OF WALES."*

*Meek, humble, modest* PARSON D—D !  
Believe Me, it is mighty odd  
That You *such* hopes should dish up :  
For after all, my good Friend WILL !  
Whatever You think, You will be still  
A PRIEST, but *not* A BISHOP.

The

N O T E.

\* Thus characterized by a late very celebrated  
Poet,

— — — — — that *mild* Man of God  
The Reverend *Doodle* D—D !

*Ep. to Lorenzo.*

## 216 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

The † *Parties* which You try'd to fix,  
Of *Ladies* (monst'rous ! thus to mix)  
To grace the *Chaplain's* Table :  
*Carnal* with *Spiritual* thus to join !  
*Flounc'd* PETTY-COATS with *Gowns* divine !  
O fie ! ev'n *That's* not able,

For tho' the hold of *Apron-strings*,  
And all such mighty *pretty* things  
Do raise Men who are *humble* :  
Yet when, poor *Creatures* ! *they* kick up,  
And their orig'nal dust lick up,  
Lord ! how *These* groan and grumble !

Another

### N O T E.

† This *heavenly-minded* and *spiritual* Divine,  
Gentle Reader ! laboured hard not a great  
while ago, it seems, to introduce a *polite* custom  
of having *Ladies* at the Table for the King's  
*Chaplains* : not forgetting the excellency of a  
famous old *Roman* Adage; somewhat transposed,

“ *Sine VENTRE frigent Cere & Bacchus,*”

i. e. as my good LORD TALBOT (the learned  
CLERK of the *Kitchen* and *Cellars* at St. JAMES's)  
very excellently translates it, “ What signifies  
“ *Good Eating and Drinking* without a *GIRL* !”

Another † String You've try'd to touch,  
Which if it serves your purpose much,  
The World might justly wonder :  
Thus did *Salmonens* rattle o'er  
The *brazen* Bridge, to make it roar  
Like *Jove's* imperial Thunder !

Of FRENCH Translations We've enough,  
And all such meagre, flimsy stuff,  
Both sacred and profane :  
But what will suit proud *Louy's* Court,  
Should not to *GEORGE's* here resort,  
As all *such* Preaching's vain !

‖ *Marfillon's* Pen flows much too fine,  
In polish'd Periods every line,

U

To

N O T E.

† Another step taken by him to raise himself to the *Purple*, is his late Publication of a FRENCH Bishop's Sermons: when We have such an amazing plenty and profusion of *our own*, so very justly and deservedly acknowledged to be infinitely superiour to any in the whole World !

‖ Bishop of *Clermont* in *France*.



218 EPIGRAMS *and* MOTTOs,

To stand the *British* test :  
The heart of GEORGE will never bow  
To FRENCH Discourses, since We know  
*We have* by far the best !

Thus while You warn a PRINCE ~~to~~  
Of specious *Flattery* to beware !  
You gild the GALLIC *Pill*  
In such a manner, as to suit  
Your *honest* views with GEORGE or Bute,  
And so farewell, dear WILL !—

And am

Your old Friend, ONE, who tho' *less* than  
the *least* of all CURATES, *City or Country*,  
yet, (Thanks to HEAVEN !) too honest to  
*flatter*, and too happy to be made A BISHOP !

MOTTO XCV. *The same.*

— — — — — Me gelidum *Nemus* !

Indeed Mrs. ARNE ! I don't like my lot,  
So I think my best way is to make for yon  
*Grot* !

*To the Memory of the late celebrated Miss  
WRIGHT, afterwards Mrs. ARNE, on the  
Bird's flying from her hand in December,  
1768, at Drury-Lane, in the Grove-Scene  
in the Opera of The Padlock.*

O LEONORA ! wonder not  
That thy sweet little *Robin* flies :  
'Tis to the Stream, near yonder *Grot*,  
To cool his Throat, or else he dies.

Aw'd by *thy* Voice, he tries no more,  
Where strength and sweetness so combine :  
And therefore he despairs to soar,  
To strains melodious like *thine* !

\* MOTTO XCVI. *The same.*

Est quôdam prodire *tenuis* :— si non datur  
*ultra.*

'Tis something *so far* to attain,  
If We can nothing *higher* gain !

220 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

To Sir JAMES HODGES, Town-Clerk of the  
City.

After all this great bustle, is it so very strange,  
That *now-a-days Men* and their *Manners*  
should change?

Go on then, *Sir Knight*, and *swear* 'tis a *Lye*:  
Since You wanted to make but A MAYOR  
“ *by the bye.*”

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* This Epigram was occasioned, Gentle Reader! on the Election of a *Lord Mayor* at Michaelmas, 1769, at which Sir JAMES was observed to be uncommonly alert and active! and as the following NANNY-GOAT (vulgò ANECDOTE!) may not be unacceptable to his Readers, the *Translator* (always happy when he can amuse and entertain Them) gives it Them word for word, to the best of his remembrance, as it was told to him by a pleasant Friend of his, being relative to that bustling Occasion. “ A certain *Cobler* going home with a pair of shoes, one morning during the Contest, and wanting to get back

MOTTO XCVII. *Ovid.*

Foelix, quem faciunt *aliena* pericula cautum!

Happy is he, whom *Others* Ills  
Instruct him to beware :  
Whose breast no *Jealousy* e'er fills,  
Or any *other* Care!

U 3

To

NOTE.

back to his Bulk as soon as he could, squeezed through *Guild-Hall* Yard, where happening to be a little behind Sir JAMES, and being snapp'd at by a small *white-liver'd* CUR, *Crispin* instantly drew his *Awl*, and unluckily aiming his stroke with great force in a Line rather too direct, almost bury'd it in the KNIGHT's *Breeches*. Away scuffled *Crispin*, and down fell Sir JAMES, roaring out most lustily with his old Friend *Horace*,

"Ohe!

To Mr. GARRICK, on seeing him twice in the  
same Week in the Character of DON FELIX.

"That *Miracles* are laid aside,"  
Avaunt Divines in what You speak!  
Since DAVID has this Truth deny'd,  
By working *Wonders* TWICE a Week!

MOTTO

N O T E.

"Ohe! jam satis est!"

"Enough, Enough!" crys out the KNIGHT,  
"Lord! my poor wife! in what a fright!

The Mob instantly surrounded him: and some,  
more humane than the rest, carry'd him home,  
where he continued for some days dangerously  
ill of a disorder in *that* Part, which it was feared  
by the *City-Surgeons* would bring on a "*Fis-  
tula in Ano*;" but the *Court-Anatomists*, hearing  
of it, said, They made no doubt (from Sir  
JAMES's robust Habit and athletic Constitution)  
that the Disorder would fly upwards, and hap-  
pily terminate only in a gentle "*Fistula Lac-  
rymalis*"

**MOTTO XCVIII. Horace.**

HUNC neque dira *venena*, nec *hosticus* auferet  
ensis,  
Nec *laterum dolor*, aut *tussis*, nec *tarda podagra*,  
GARRULUS hunc consumet!

HIM neither *Poison*, nor the *hostile Dart*,  
Nor *Pleurisy*, nor *Cough*, nor *Gouty Part*,  
But busy CANDIDATES shall vex him to  
the heart!

To Mr. DEPUTY RUSH of Candlewick  
Ward, on his complaining to his Friends upon  
Change, in being plagued and troubled so  
for his Vote at the late Election for Lord  
Mayor.

That You are *press'd* in *such* a Case  
I must confess I do not wonder:

Gem'men

**N O T E.**

*ymalis*: Those wise Sages guessed right, as they  
had, very soon after, the pleasure to hear that he  
began to read *Latin* in the *old* Character with  
his usual *Volubility*; and would be able to trans-  
late it with very great *Spirit* by *Lord-Mayor's*  
*Day*, to the full satisfaction and admiration of  
all present! but as this came from Those who  
attend *Court*, their Judgment was suspected by  
the *City-Anatomists*: However—We mention  
this only BY THE BYE. —

## 224 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Gem'men who sue for *such* a Place,  
Must run, and fly, and rap like Thunder !

But if You'd still enjoy your *Bowl*,  
Read o'er the *News*, or take your *Nap* :  
Go to the *Hustings*, give your *Poll*,  
And then You'll quickly stop the Gap.

Thus when my Lady's *Chamber Maid*  
Was plagu'd and peffer'd by *Old Bubble*, \*  
*Marriage* was th' *only* trick She play'd,  
Which quickly sav'd her further trouble !

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* A very worthy and venerable LORD of superior taste in *Piccadilly*, which gave occasion to a certain lively *Court Lady*, with her usual smartness, to observe in The Drawing-Room at the *Circle*, " That she never thought his Lordship would have married so much ABOVE his " *quality* !" O fye Lady MARY S——, how could You be so cruel as to vex the poor *Old Soul*, and throw him into a Fever that almost killed him ! Had the *Translator* sufficient Interest with some *Great People* at Court, he would indict this Lady upon the Act of *Monopoly* and *Engrossing* !

MOTTO XCXIX. *The same.*

— — — — — *Navibus atque*  
*Quadrigis petimus bene vivere ! quod petis*  
*Hic est !*

To LORD H———D, *aliàs* SIR EPICURE  
MAMMON, *Piccadilly.*

We compass *Sea* and *Land* to get \* *Content !*  
But if 'tis *not* WITHIN Us ! Toil and Time's  
mis-spent !

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* What wonderfull bustle and laborious enquiries were made some Ages ago by *Conjurers* of other Nations as well as *our own*, for what They were pleased to call "*The Philosopher's Stone.*" If there ever was, or is now, such a thing existing in Nature, the *Translator*, (who may be a *Fool*, but was never yet taken for A CONJURER,) thinks that he has hit upon it, without any trouble at all, and that it must certainly be "*CONTENTMENT !*" *This* is that *very Stone*, since it turns every thing it touches into *Gold ! This* is that *Grand SECRET of Nature !* since the *poorest* Man in the World is *rich*, with it, and the *Richest* Man is *poor* without it !



226 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO C. *The same,*

*Utrumque Nostrum  
Consentit Astrum !*

The *Star* which shin'd propitious at our  
birth,  
Confirms Us *Both* together to our *Mother*  
EARTH !

To the Honourable Mrs. WALTER. On  
*Twin-Sisters who died the same Day, and  
were buried in the same Grave !*

• FAIR MARBLE ! tell to future days,  
That here *two Virgin Sisters* lye,  
Whose Lives from ev'ry mouth had praise,  
Whose Deaths gave tears to ev'ry eye !

In *Stature, Beauty, Age, and Wit,*  
They grew so much alike, and shone :  
That Death the mark most sure did hit,  
Since he mistook them *Both* for ONE.

From this mistake, learn, *Fair Ones!* hence,  
The vanity of Human Life !  
And bid adieu to all pretense  
Of *Wit* and *Beauty's* envious strife !

MOTTO

NOTE.

• This *first* Verse is borrowed, and the *second*  
is somewhat altered.

MOTTO CI. *The same.*

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento,  
Ut tu *Fortunam*, sic Nos TE, *Celſe*, feremus!

TO LORD DARTMOUTH.

Observe to instill this Præcept in his ear,  
“As You your *Fortune*, so with You We’ll  
bear!”

MOTTO CII. *The same.*

Si quis erat dignus describi ——— . .  
Quod *Mæchus* foret — — aut *alioqui*  
Famofus, multâ cum libertate notabat!

To our Modern ARISTOPHANES, aliàs Mr.  
FOOTE.

If there was ONE, who set up for a  
SMIRK,  
Or infamous for *Vill’ious*, *Cheating* Work,  
E’gad! he trimm’d him freely, in a jerk!

MOTTO

## \* M O T T O C I I I .

## I N F O E M I N A S :

Crede ratem Ventis, animum ne crede  
PUELLIS !

Namque est *foemina* tutior unda fide :

“ *Fœmina nulla bona est !* ” sed si bona  
contigit ullæ,

Nescio quo fato res *mala facta bona est !*

On

## N O T E .

\* The *Translator* would think himself utterly inexcusable, and consequently unpardonable by The *Ladies* in particular, and his Readers in general, was he to insert this Epigram in his Collection without apologizing for it, by giving Them a true and just Account of it, which is as follows. Amongst the Fragments of *Petronius Arbitr*, (see Epigram the 33d.) is this Epigram written by one EUMOLPUS, but a most cruel Invektive against *the Sex !* But however, let not the *Ladies* be affronted, or even wonder at it, when They are told, “ That he was one of those ridiculous *Asses*, called MACARONIES, FRIBBLES, or whatever the Reader pleases, of *that sort*,” (of whom we have too many in *this* age !) whose knowledge is limited by the *curls* or *tail* of their Hair, the *top* of a fine essenced

*Snuff*-

ON W O M A N.

Trust to the Winds your *bark*, but trust not  
EVE!

For *Woman's* Faith is falser than a Wave :  
“ No

N O T E

*Snuff-Box*, fancied *Sword-knot*, &c. why boast of their intimacy with such a *Duke or Lord*, with whom they never were in company : and of *Ladies Favourites*, whom They never saw but at a *Play*, and that at a distance. *EUMOLPUS* was in his time reckoned a *fine Singer* : for so his Name, in the *Greek*, signifies, and, most likely, was given him on that account : (as the Roman Senator *Volumnius* was surnamed *EUTRAPELUS*, as mentioned by *Horace* in one of his *Epistles*, for his smart, genteel turn for *Wit* and *Plaisantry*) but being, as is too often the case, one of those *Squeaking Coxcombs*, intolerably vain and insolent, from being admired by some Ladies for his Voice and Person, and boasting of his Gallantries with them amongst other Roman Ladies, the truth of which they strongly suspected, They took occasion one day at a *Public Entertainment*, to make him look MIGHTILY SMALL, to his great confusion and no less mortification ! at this he went home in a very grumbling cue, and from that time commenced as great a

230 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

"No Woman's good!" but if *some* share  
that grace,  
'Tis strange how *bad* for *good* should change  
it's place!

*Translated*

N O T E.

*Woman-Hater*, as his noted *Brother of ATHENS*,  
a *Man-Hater*; venting his spleen against the  
*Sex* in the four Latin Verses as *above*; And  
though the *Translator* of them thinks that this  
*Macarone* was very rightly served by these Roman  
*Ladies*: Yet his Verses are too severe by far, as  
well as false and unjust! for let the *Women-*  
*haters* of this Age exclaim ever so much against  
the perfidy, or impieties of any kind, of the  
*Fair Sex*, They will be hard put to it to prove  
the truth of the *first* Words of the *third* Verse,  
which are as monstrous as they are false! Let  
Them search the pages either of *Ancient* or  
*Modern* Times, and produce *Women* of *infamous*,  
*abandoned* Characters for any sort of Vice; a  
*Sempronia* or *Messalina*; and we will contrast  
Them with a *Lucretia*, *Arria*, *Livia*, *Cornelia*,  
or *Calpurnia*, *Women* of the most exalted charac-  
ters, not in the *Christian* but the *Heathen* World!  
—If our *modern fine Gentlemen*, and *Men of Ho-*  
*nour* (as They pretended to call Themselves)  
are served by the *Ladies*, like *EUMOLPUS*, let  
Them thank *Themselves* as being the *sole* cause of  
it!

Translated into Greek.—(See Epigram 86.)

Πίμπω σκαφὴν Ἀιμοῖς, φέθα μὴ πείνῃ γυναιξί,  
Γὰρ κύματι φυσικῶς κωφότερόν, ἢ γυνή  
Πᾶσα γυνὴ φαῖλη ; — ἀλλ' εἰ καλά τίσις ἐπάρχῃ  
Οὐκ οὐδ' ἢ μοίρῃ φαῖλον ἔγιντο καλόν !

ΜΟΝΤΑΓΝΑ

N O T E.

it ! They first endeavour to seduce the Sex, and then storm unmercifully, if They find Themselves deceived in their turn, and exposed to their confusion ! and, let them well remember this one thing only, “ That had not *Lothario*, been first A VILLAIN, We had never heard of the wretched, unhappy *Callista* ! But the misfortune lies here ! and the Translator is extremely sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of making the remark, “ That the present false and corrupt Method of Education of the Fair Sex, contributes not a little to their unhappiness and ruin ! They are furnished, too soon, through the unpardonable error of their Parents, with the *tinself*, empty sopperies of Life, instead of having their Minds early seasoned with the principles of their Religion, and the love and fear of their GREAT CREATOR ! by which means their understandings would be garrisoned against the vile assaults of those Sons of SATAN “ who lye in wait to deceive the Sim-

## 232 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO CIV. *Juvencul.*

*Pellæo Juvenci non unus sufficit ORBIS!*

To the KING of PRUSSIA. — Epitaph on  
Alexander the Great. (*Extempore.*)

In this *small* Urn the Youth of Pella lies,  
Whom one whole WORLD itself could not  
suffice!

EPI-

N O T E.

ple. Hence—*Unhappy* Matches would seldom happen, and they would then shine in the amiable characters of excellent *Wives* and *Mothers*, and valuable *Friends* and *Companions*! and thus the right and only foundation would be laid for their *present* as well as *future* happiness! —The *Translator* could wish not to have so much reason to speak this to *Parents* in HIGH LIFE and *easy Fortunes*, who are thereby much better enabled, and consequently have a much stronger duty upon them to make their *Daughters* *Ornaments* and *Examples* to the *Sex* in *lower spheres*, and *Blessings* to *Mankind in general*.

E P I G R A M.

To MR. GARRICK.—(*Extempore*).

*On seeing a promising Young Actor in Romeo,  
at Drury-Lane Theatre, about three Months  
ago.*

FOOTE has his *Jewel* — COLMAN, *Pearls* a  
cluster;  
Yet GARRICK'S *Diamond* shines with no  
small lustre!

*Another.*

I trust honest GEORGE and SAM FOOTE will  
well bear it,  
“ That GARRICK'S *new Diamond* dreads no  
water near it.



234 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

EPIGRAM.—(*Extempore*)

To MR. COLMAN.

*On seeing the promising New Actors in the  
Occasional Prelude at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

I'm much mistaken if that your *Barsanti*  
In time don't prove the Public's *Dilettanti*!

EPIGRAM.—(*Extempore.*)

To Miss PAPER.

*In the Character of Dolly Snip, on her pro-  
nouncing the word "familiarily" right (as  
also other words of the like sort in other cha-  
racters) which is required to be pronounced  
wrong, in her Dialogue with Abram.*

Howe'er You try, TRUTH *still* will guide  
your Tongue,  
And scarce permit You ever to be wrong.

MOTTO

\* M O T T O C V. *Ovid.*

*Omnia vincit AMOR ! —*

How pow'rful is CUPID's dart;  
To smite ev'n JOHNIANS to the heart !

The *ancient* CIRCE was so fair,  
Her Voice was so divine !  
She did Mens easy hearts insnare,  
Then turn'd Them into Swine !

Our

N O T E.

\* The *Translator* was favoured with this beautiful Epigram by the worthy *Minister* of *Richmond*, when he was down there on a Visit in April 1771, and was told by him (if he remembers right) that it was written by the ingenious Mr. SHARP (a Fellow-Collegian and Friend of the *Translator's* and Brother to the eminent *Surgeon* of that Name in the *Old Jewry*) on account of some Ladies, Italian Singers, that came down to *Cambridge* on some Public *Musical* Occasion ; and the strife between the *Johnians* and *Tri-*

## 236 EPIGRAMS *and* MOTTOES

Our *modern* CIRCES *must* excell<sup>r</sup>  
 In spite of *Homer's* Pen :  
 See † *brutish* JOHNNIANS grow *genteel*  
 And HOGS transform'd to 'MEN !'

EPI-

### N O T E S.

*Trinitonians* (Gentlemen of *St. John's* and *Trinity* Colleges) which of them should shew these Ladies the greatest marks of Civility and Politeness.

† That the ingenious Author may not be thought by his Readers to bear hard upon his neighbouring College, the *Translator* thinks it but civil, as well as just, to vindicate him so far with Them, as to say, " That tho' the Members of *that* College (*St. John's*) were never reckoned (in general) remarkable for their *Politeness* and *Gentility* : Yet he had the pleasure, in *his* time (as he knows the *Author* had also) to be well acquainted with *many*, both *Fellows* and *Under-Graduates*, whose Behaviour shewed " That they had *sacrificed* to THE GRACES, as well as " to MINERVA and APOLLO !"

• MOTTO CVI. *Horace.*

— — — *videntem dicere verum*  
Quid vetat?

Pl-

To

N O T E S.

† We are not a little indebted to the *Satirists* of every Age for stemming that *Torrent* of Vice and Wickedness, which would have gone nigh to have *overwhelmed* it, had it not been for their just and honest indignation! Hence it is, That We so strongly admire Them All, from *Martial*, *Horace*, &c. down to *Pope*, *Swift*, &c. But among the many just and smart strokes of *Satire* in these *latter* Ages of the World which We are so apt to admire, the *Translator* does not recollect any that exceed *one* or *two* which he has formerly met with in the small course of his Reading in the Works of *The Ancients*;—The *first* relates to *Discippus* the *Athenian*, who was in high favour with *Alexander the Great*, for his strength and dexterity at the Athletic Exercises. He was challenged, one day, by *Hermus*, a *Macedonian*, to single combat, in which he was Conqueror: as he entered into the City of *Athens*, in the triumphal manner of the *Olympic* Conquerors, and was gazed at by People in great crowds, he happened to cast his Eye upon

A

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To speak THE TRUTH in *Joke*,—why  
not?

'Tis much the better way, I wot.

MOTTO

N O T E.

A YOUNG LADY of *most distinguished* beauty, and falling suddenly and violently in love, fixed them on her till he passed by; and then turning back his head, kept them still fixed upon her: which *Diogenes*, the *Cynic* Philosopher, observing, cry'd out to *The Athenians*, "And is THIS your *Great Champion*? only see how A YOUNG GIRL has *twisted his Neck*!" The other beautiful stroke of *Satire* is that of *Demonax* a *Greek* Philosopher, who when *The Athenians* were deliberating whether or no They should have the *Shows* of the *Gladiators* exhibited amongst Them as well as *The Corinthians*, advised Them, "not to VOTE for it, till They had pulled down *THE ALTAR OF MERCY*."

\* E P I G R A M.

To the honourable or dis-honourable Memory  
of the late POPE CLEMENT the Fourth.

Laus tua, NON tua Fraus, Virtus, NON Copia  
rerum

Scandere te fecit hoc decus eximium!

Pauperibus tua das—numquam stat janua  
clausa :

Fundere res quæris, nec tua multiplicas ;  
Conditio tua fit stabilis ! non tempore parvo

Vivere te faciat hic Deus Omnipotens !

Your

N O T E.

\* This Epigram was given to the *Translator* by an ingenious and worthy Friend of his, which he found in an old collection of Papers of above twenty Years standing. It was written by one *Ciatonius*, a *Dominican Friar*, in honour of POPE CLEMENT the Fourth : which if You read backwards, is quite the reverse, being a Collection of *Reproaches, Imprecations, &c.*—As there is something very uncommon and singular in it, the *Translator* thought it might not be unacceptable to his Readers in general, and his learned ones in particular, as having nothing of his own to give Them equal to it ; He has only endeavoured to translate it both ways.

240 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

Your *Merit, Virtue*, NOT your Wealth or  
 Fraud  
 Has rais'd You to the Throne of *Papal Lord!*  
 The Poor You feed—ever open stands your  
 Gate:  
 Plenty You spread, nor aggrandize your  
 State,  
 Firm may your Station be ! and in it thrive !  
 And may *Th' Almighty* grant You long to  
 live !

*Omnipotens Deus hic faciat te vivere parvo  
 Tempore ! non stabili sit tua Condicio !  
 Multiplicas tua, nee quæris res fundere,  
 clausa  
 Janua stat, nunquam das tua Pauperibus ;  
 Eximium decus hoc fecit te scandere rerum  
 Copia, NON Virtus, Frans tua, NON tua  
 Laus !*

*The Reverse.*

May *Th' Almighty* make your life to be  
 But short ! your State too in Uncertainty !  
 Your Wealth You spread not but heap up :  
 your Door  
 Stands shut, nor ever give aught to the Poor ;  
 Plenty, nor Virtue rais'd You to " The  
 Chair :"  
 Your Merit not, but *Fraud* that plac'd You  
 There !

MOTTO

MOTTO CVII. *Seneca.*

*Beneficia non in rebus datis, sed in ipsâ  
benefaciendi voluntate constant !*

*Gifts in themselves consist not, odd or even :  
But in the will and manner how they're  
giv'n !*

QUEEN ELIZABETH going to *St. Paul's*,  
towards the end of *July 1572*, to celebrate  
the Feast of \* *St. Elizabeth*, was met at the  
Church-door by a *Beggar*, who asked Charity  
of Her Majesty in † *LATIN*: The *Queen* look-  
ing

N O T E S.

\* She was the *Mother of St. John the Baptist*.  
This was at the dawn of " *The Reformation  
from Popery.*"

† It being much talked at that time of day,  
even by the middling and common sort of Peo-  
ple ! and the *Queen* was remarkable for both  
writing and talking most excellent Latin, as  
Y great



ing upon him somewhat attentively, remembered that this same man had presented himself to Her at the door of the Chapel-Royal on the same Occasion; on which, the Queen addressing Herself to her Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH and to those that were near her Person, told Them, somewhat hastily, in the same Language, “ Pauper *ubique* jacet!” “ (The Poor lyes *every where*!)” The Beggar feeling the reproach, answered the Queen immediately by the following Epigram,

In thalamis, RÆGINA! *tuis*, hâc nocte jacerem:

Sic foret hoc verum, “ Pauper *ubique* jacet!”

In your bed, O QUEEN! I’d lye this night:  
Thus, “ That the Poor lyes *ev’ry where*,”  
You’re right.

It

# NOTES.

great care had been taken of her Education in the *learned* Languages, having had for her Præceptors in *Greek* and *Latin*, three as eminent, at that time, as any in Europe, Sir John Cheke—the famous Scotch Poet, George Buchanan—and Roger Ascham.

It is said that *Her Majesty* was so exceedingly surprized at this quick and unexpected reply from the *Beggar*, that she stopped and ordered the *Lord Treasurer* to give him TEN  
 † CROWNS.

N O T E.

† A great sum of Money at that time (200 Years ago) to be given to a *Beggar*! — There is nothing which reflects a more beautiful lustre on a *Great Mind* than the conferring a Favour with a *good Grace*: This meets the Petition, as it were, half way, and fully justifies that fine old Latin Proverb, “*Bis dat, qui* | “*cito dat!*” that is, “He gives twice, who “gives quickly!” The *Translator* trusts that he has no occasion to apologize to his Readers, (especially the *Ladies*) for the following beautiful Instance of *this* sort, added to this of the *Queen’s*. He met with it in the life of a certain *Cardinal*, (whose name he has forgot) who by the multitude of his generous actions, arising from a truly noble and liberal soul, was called emphatically,

## 344 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

“ *The Patron of the Poor.*” The Cardinal had a custom, it seems, to give a public Audience, once or twice a week, to the Poor in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own Generosity. It happened one day, that a poor Widow, encouraged by the fame of his Liberality, came to the Hall with her only Daughter, a most remarkable Beauty, and very young. When she came, in her turn, to be heard among the rest of the Petitioners, the Cardinal observing an extraordinary modesty in her face and behaviour, as also in her Daughter’s, He encouraged her to tell her Wants freely, which she did with blushing and tears, in the following manner.—“ My Lord,” said she, “ I owe  
 “ for the rent of my House *Five Crowns*; but  
 “ my misfortune is, that I have no other way  
 “ to pay it than what would break my heart, as  
 “ my Landlord threatens to force me to it,  
 “ which is, to prostitute this my only Daughter,  
 “ whom I have hitherto trained up in the paths  
 “ of Piety and Virtue; What I am come to  
 “ beg of your *Eminence* is, that you would be  
 “ pleased to interpose your authority, by protecting Us from the violence of this cruel  
 “ man, till by our honest Industry We shall be  
 “ able to procure the money for him.” The Cardinal, moved with compassion at her truly pitiable Case, and admiring her Virtue and Modesty, “ bid her be of good Courage.” He directly

directly wrote an *Order*, and giving it to her,  
 " Go, said He, with this to my *Steward*, and he  
 " shall deliver *Five Crowns* to you for the pay-  
 " ment of your *Rent*." The Poor Woman  
 overjoy'd, and most heartily thanking the *Car-*  
*dinal*, went directly to the *Steward* and gave him  
 the *Order*, which when he had read, he told out  
 for her *Fifty Crowns*. She, astonished at this,  
 and fearing it was only a trick of the *Steward's*  
 to try her honesty, refused taking above *Five*,  
 saying, " That she mentioned only *Five* to the  
 " *Cardinal*, and therefore was sure that there  
 " must be some mistake:" The *Steward*, on  
 the other hand, insisted on his Master's *Or-*  
*der*, not daring to call it in question: but all  
 he could say was not able to prevail with her  
 to take any more than *Five*; however, to end  
 the dispute, he offered to go back with her to  
 the *Cardinal*. When they came before him,  
 and he was informed fully of the matter, " It  
 " is true," said he, " I mistook in writing  
 " *Fifty Crowns*; give me the Paper again, and  
 " I will rectify it;" upon which He wrote  
 again, saying thus to the Woman, " So much  
 " *Virtue* and *Honesty*, Good Woman! deserves  
 " a recompense indeed! I have now ordered  
 " you *FIVE HUNDRED CROWNS*! What you can  
 " spare of it, lay aside as a *PORTION* for your  
 " Daughter in *Marriage*!"

\* MOTTO CVIII.

ΒΛΕΠΕΤΙ ΤΗΣ ΚΥΡΙΑΣ.

To CHARLES VERE, Esq. *Fleet-street*, and  
all those honest CITIZENS who are desirous  
(on Vacancies) of coming into The COURT  
of ALDERMEN.

A kind Caution.

As we are warn'd 'gainst eating *measly* HOGS:  
So my advice is, "Pray, BEWARE OF  
DOGS!"

MOTTO

N O T E.

\* As this *Greek* MOTTO is taken from a very  
old, musty *Author*, now-a-days *seldom* read, and  
much *seldomer* practised: the *Translator* conceals  
his Name. as the Fellow did the *Sparrow* under  
his Cloak, as he was walking in the Temple of  
*Apollo* at *Delphos*, on purpose to excite Curiosity;  
his *learned* Readers are well acquainted with it,  
and from whence it is taken: but as the *Ladies*  
and his *English* Readers may not understand it,  
he very honestly assures Them, "That it con-  
tains only this plain and useful Caution (as  
above observed) "BEWARE OF DOGS!" —  
Why the *Citizens* are cautioned here, wants some  
explanation; — As the *Translator* was going home  
to his Lodgings from *Guildhall*, on the *Lord-  
Mayor's Day*, where he had seen the various hu-  
mours

mours of that famous *Raree-Shew*, according to annual Custom of JOHN BULL's Family, of *eating, drinking, dancing, fighting, &c.*—passing by the *Paul's Head Tavern*, he saw a small piece of Paper lying by the door, carefully folded up, and putting it into his pocket, it being near twelve o'clock, opened it when he got home, and read as well as he could make it out, being badly written and spelt, and (much being torn off) as follows ;—WILKES a SAD Dog.

HALIFAX, a SNEAKING Dog.

HARLEY, a SLY Dog.

SHAKESPEARE, a DRUNKEN Dog.

LADBROKE, an Un-LUCKY Dog.

ESDAILE, a VULGAR Dog.

Here, Gentle Reader, to both our misfortunes, this *most valuable*, Manu-script was torn off: which most likely described the CANINE infatuation of the rest of their *Aldermanships*; why These above are *so* called; the *Translator* is not Conjuror enough in CITY-Politics to satisfy his *Readers*, and so must leave it to their superior judgment and sagacity to find out: But as a Friend to *The City*, he thought it his duty to communicate this *lucky* discovery, and to put them on their guard, as PATRIOTISM flies so much about, both at *St. James's* and *Guildhall* in its *Harlequin-dress*, to the entertainment of *some*, and the astonishment of *others*!—What a sad thing it is that our Parliament-Men won't screw up their *Patriotism* to such a pitch on the STATE FIDDLE, as to lay a *Tax* upon DOGS, and take  
it

## 248 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

it off from PORTER, to reduce it to *three-pence* per Pot, as formerly! Mercy on Us! what Huzzas, Shouts, and Acclamations from all the Porters, Carmen, Coachmen, &c. They would have about the two Houses! what dancings by the *Poor* Dogs, and Caperings by the *Rich* ones! the *first* in getting *Porter* at the *old* price, and the *last* almost out of their wits how to raise the *Tax*, especially as They *must* include in it a certain kind of *Dogs* called SAD DOGS: too many of which are now running about the *Nation*, "seeking," like their old Friend BEELZEBUB, "whom They may devour!" what a glorious thing it would be for the two Houses to lay the *easy* and *gentle* TAX of only ONE HUNDRED Pounds per annum, as it would be so *sure* a means of making excellent *Husbands*, *Fathers*, *Friends*, &c.—If our great *Paliurus* (or *Pilot*) of The *Britannia*, LORD NORTH, would, for once, accept a *Scheme*, from a *Poor Scholar*, for a *Tax* that has been so long talked of, it is humbly submitted to his consideration, as follows,

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Every Pack of Stag, Buck, or Fox-Hounds, per annum, }	10	0	0
Harriers	5	0	0
Pointers and Seting Dogs,	2	0	0
Greyhounds and Spaniels,	1	0	0
Common Dogs	0	10	0
Lap Dogs, Parrots, and Monkies	5	0	0
SAD DOGS	100	0	0
			The

The *Translator* begs his Readers pardon for this Digression : but though he does not pretend to the name of *Patriotism*, yet He loves his *King* and *Country* too well to omit pointing out to our *Premier* any thing for his *Lordship's* Credit, or the Good of the Nation ! To return therefore now to the *Author* of his *Motto* ; Though He uses it *figuratively*, yet his *Fair Readers* may use it also *literally*, by which they have a *double* advantage ; but as the *figurative* sense may be of very particular service to Them, they will easily see at the end of his *Scheme* for a Tax, of what kind of *Dogs* it is, of which They are told to beware. — As to the *Author himself*, the *Translator* has only this to say of him, “ That if our *Nobility* and *Gentry*, would but, for once again revive the good *old fashion* of their Forefathers, of reading him with that pleasure as they do a *Play*, *Romance*, or *Novel*, and practice him with that glee as They do *Hovier* or any other modern *Author* that ministers to their Pleasures, We should not then be over-whelmed with a Deluge of Vices as We are, of *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *barefaced Villainy* and *sneaking Hypocrisy*—*open Adulteries*, *Perjuries*, and *Bankruptcies*, *Profaneness* and *Irreligion*, with a shamefull and scandalous Train of Vices not fit to be mentioned !—To put an effectual stop to all these, and entirely recover the *ancient lustre* of the *British Nation*, the *Translator* has a *Plan* in his possession for *Lord Notm's* Perusal, drawn up from some  
most



## 250 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

most valuable Papers of A STATESMAN, well-known to be equal at least, if not far superior to the whole race of PRIME MINISTERS, and FINANCIERS, from the times of MECÆNAS, under the old *Roman Emperor* AUGUSTUS, down to the late Mr. CHARLES TOWNSHEND, and (without any disparagement) even to his LORDSHIP *himself*! But if his PLAN (which consists of only NINE *Particulars*) does not most effectually *re-build* this poor, tottering FABRIC, and support it on *such* Pillars as shall hold out with old TIME himself: He will be so far from even thinking of the least *reward* for *himself* either in CHURCH or STATE, that (according to an old *Græcian* Law, if he remembers right) if it failed of *itself*, on *proper* and *full* execution of it, He would be bound to be put to death directly.

MOTTO

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• M O T T O C I X. *Mercurius Londinensis.*

*Ecce* S I G N U M.

To all such of our NOBILITY and GENTRY,  
MERCHANTS and TRADESMEN at both  
ends of the Town, who are so prudent as to  
fix up at their Houses AN ATCHIEVEMENT  
(commonly called AN HATCHMENT) on the  
loss of an Husband or Wife.

The honest man a S I G N hung out  
To get another W I F E, no doubt!

MOTTO

N O T E.

• The Translator's Compliments to Them,  
and congratulates Them most cordially upon  
this ingenious and wise piece of respect paid to  
the memory of their dearly beloved Spouses, as it  
fo

† MOTTO CX. *Horace.*

Nec meus hic sermo est : sed quem præcepit  
 OFELLUS,  
 Rusticus, abnormis *sapiens, crassusque Minervâ.*

To

## N O T E.

so well answers the conjecture of an honest Country-Fellow, who being asked the other day, what he took it to be, as he was driving his Team along *Cornhill*, told a smart Citizen, who had very lately put one up, "That it moight be, " may'haps, A *ZIGN* hung out for *another* " *WOIFE*:" The *Cit* being thus prick'd by an *Hob-nail*, was not a little vexed : but still urg'd by Curiosity, asked him further what he thought the *Latin* MOTTO, " *IN COELO QUIES,*" meant? *Clod* answered, with a leering grin, " Why, Wanted here *another* *WOIFE*, to be sure." The *Translator*, as far as *He* understands *Latin*,

TO Mr. MOODY, in the Character of TEAGUE  
in "The Committee," or "Faithfull Irish-  
man."

"The d——l burn me!" if this speech is  
mine,  
But what my Cousin PADDY has here taught:  
Whose *bonest Nature* does our mirth refine,  
Which from the air of *Dublin* he has caught!

Z

MOTTO

N O T E.

*Latin*, thinks *Clod*'s Interpretation of it is not  
amiss, as *that* perhaps is the *true, real English*.  
However, he can't help observing, at the same  
time, the most *affectionate* and *genteel* Compli-  
ment paid by this MOTTO to the *deceased Party*:  
the meaning of which is literally, "IN HEAVEN  
" *there's rest!*" But does not this then plainly  
imply, "That on EARTH there was *none?*"  
Else, why have we so much work at *Dollors Cem-*  
*monys* about DIVORCES and SEPARATE BEDS,  
with a long train of *Et cæteras?*—the comforts of  
MODERN Matrimony, and full *Proofs* of their  
*rest and happiness* here on Earth!

## 254 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

### N O T E.

† The *Translator* has endeavoured to adapt his *MOTTO* to the subject of this *NOTE*, owing to some *Iricisms* of a *new* kind by a *Lad*, who lived not long ago with one *Mr. Quin*, late a Merchant in Throgmorton-street. The Account of him is a *real* Matter of *FACT*, as communicated to the *Translator* by a pleasant Friend of his: for which reason, as well as his *Iricisms* being placed in a *new* light, he hopes it will be the more entertaining and acceptable to his READERS. *Mr. Quin*, being an *Irishman* himself, would have his servants so too: accordingly sent over to *Dublin* for a Foot-boy. *Paddy* came, and after having been with his Master about a week, was sent with the *Clerk* to the *General-Post-Office*, that he might know the way another time when he was sent by *himself*; soon after, *Paddy* was sent, and coming to the window there, (which was very different from what it is now: being *then* open, and the letters thrown in promiscuouly) he staid awhile, as the *Clerk* was busy delivering out Letters, when the following Dialogue began between them:

PADDY. Arrah! my dear Shoy! have You got now any Letters here for my Master?

CLERK. Who's *your* Master, my Lad?

PADDY

PADDY. What! and You don't know *my* Master now?

CLERK. No—*your* Master! how the d---  
should *We* know the Masters of *All* that come  
here for Letters?

PADDY. By Shraint Patrick now! I must  
go back again to know it Myself—(*Is going  
but stops short*)—Why *Mr. Quin*, a Merchant,  
in Throgmorton-street.

CLERK. Yes—here is *one* Letter for him.

PADDY. Well—and what price will you be  
after now to sell it out at?

CLERK. *Two* and *Four* Pence.

PADDY. *Two* and *Four* Pence! Aye, by  
Jafus! What! You're after imposing upon Me  
now, becaze You see I am a raw Lad just come  
over from *Dublin*. Why, the d---I burn Me!  
did'nt I see You selling them out but just now,  
before these eyes of my mine, at three-pence  
and a groat a piece?

CLERK. I can't take a farthing less for it,  
as *that* is the *Postage* of it.

PADDY. Here and be after taking your Let-  
ter back again. I'll go home and tell my Master  
of it.

## 256 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

(He goes home and relates what passed.—His Master smiled, and bid him return and give the Money for the Letter;—accordingly he returns.)

PADDY. Arrah! my Hoaney! I have been and told my Master—and what will You take less now?

CLERK. Not a farthing, my Hoaney! (*Fearing him.*)

PADDY. (Seeing numbers of Letters lying, and the Clerk turning about to speak to somebody, popped half a dozen into his pocket.)  
 "There—be after now taking your *two* and *four* pence, and be giving me my Master's Letter."—He returns to his Master with it, and pulling out of his pocket the other half dozen.—"There, Sir—There's the letter—"  
 "But I told him as how he was after imposing upon You. However—I've been up with him, by Jafus, That's what I have—for I've brought You here six more into the bargain for your Money;—five you are wellcome to, and this I'll keep and send over to my Mother, as I have not sent her one since I came over from Dublin."

The *Translator* thinks that this Affair would be no bad hint to Any One now writing, or intending

intending to write an *Irish* Character, as it contains a *new* species of *Iricisms*, and would, in the hands of a Man of *Genius*, furnish an excellent Scene, which might be laid in Lombard-Street, called "*The Post-Office Scene.*"



258 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

MOTTO CXI. *The same.*

— — — O TUTELA præfens  
*Italia*, Dominæque ROMÆ!

To the \* KING, [QUEEN, and ROYAL  
FAMILY.]

Our present SAFE-GUARD OF THE STATE!  
On whom all our best wishes wait!

N O T E.

\* A C A R D.

BRITANNIA's love and blessing to all her dear *Children*, the good People of *England*: and is extremely sorry to tell Them how very unwelcome and afflicting any Paragraph in *The Public Papers* is to her, that tends to clog the *Wheels* of GOVERNMENT, by discovering a *factious* and *rebellious* Spirit: and so insulting HER, through the sides of her amiable and excellent GUARDIAN; She hopes, therefore, that for HIS, HER's, and THEIR OWN sakes, they will be so dutifull as to observe this her most earnest and affectionate ADDRESS! and only to consider with Themselves, "that (from the many

many sleepless hours and anxious cares of their  
 SAVANNAH. for *their* Wellfare and Happiness)  
 " A CROWN is not always made up of Roses  
 " only, but a THORN will be too often found  
 " to intrude itself amongst them, which makes  
 " A KING always to be *pity'd*, but never to be  
 " *envy'd* ! " — When they consider *this*, She  
 hopes that they will ALL, in their *several* sta-  
 tions (from the PRIME MINISTER down to the  
*lowest* Subject) so use their best endeavours, as to  
 make HIM as easy and happy as possible (if it  
 is only for the QUEEN's *sake*, whom *She* well  
 knows they ALL love and adore !)

BRITANNIA's most sincere Wishes and fervent  
 Prayers are daily offered up for the health and  
 happiness of her PROTECTOR and GUARDIAN,  
 and his *whole* ROYAL HOUSE ! and takes this  
*public* opportunity of presenting her most duti-  
 full Compliments of Congratulation on THE  
 NEW YEAR to THEIR MAJESTIES and the  
 whole ROYAL FAMILY, in the fine old *Roman*  
 Form of Salutation,

" MULTOS & FOELICES ! "

" MANY and HAPPY (*Years* ! ) "

most cordially wishing *Them* a return of as many  
 as may seem fit to THE GREAT KING OR  
 KINGS ! and hopes that a *real* and *sincere* love  
 for their KING and COUNTRY will so reign  
 in *Council* both *Public* and *Private*, as to distin-  
 guish

260 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

guish THE NEW YEAR with an unusual lustre,  
by enabling Her *still* (through the *help* of  
HEAVEN!) to be A BLESSING to her FRIENDS  
and A TERROUR to her ENEMIES !

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN  
HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE.

MOTTO

MOTTO CXII and LAST. *Horace and Ovid.*

Omne tulit PUNCTUM, qui miscuit UTILE  
*Dulci.*

He that has mix'd THE USEFULL with *The*  
*Sweet,*  
Has (COBLER-like) made both his ENDS to  
meet.

*Primâ dicte Mihi ! Summâ dicende Camœnâ.*

As You're, my Friends ! address to in my  
*first,*  
To be forgot *at last* ! Oh ! horrid and unjust !

*The Translator to his Readers.*

Exegi MONUMENTUM *Ere* perennius !

O R

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira,  
nec ignes,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere *vetustas* !

OF

Of which two famous Passages, as he fears he is not able to give a suitable Translation in *Poetry*, he will endeavour at it in *Prose*, (for *Novelty*-fake also) after having informed his fair *Ladies* and *English* Readers of one thing, which is this, " That the *Latin Word Translator* means in *English*, A COBLER ;" and therefore, " That " as he has now *cobbled up* A WORK by " means of his *Head*, which is harder " than *Brass* : so, in spite of the rage " and *fury* both of COURT and CITY- " Patriots, MOUNSEER TORRE'S *Fire-* " Works, MAJOR STURGEON'S *Sword*, " or even OLD FIRE-LOCK himself, " (*Time* ! ) it will be thought to continue " so to the end of his Life !" and is, with all due respect, and best wishes for their Health and Happiness, (whether in their SERIOUS or LAUGHING Hours) their Typical, Topical; Tropical, Ironical, Whimsical, Nonsensical, but most faithful and honest humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

December the 21<sup>st</sup>, 1772.

F I N I S.

## To the READER.

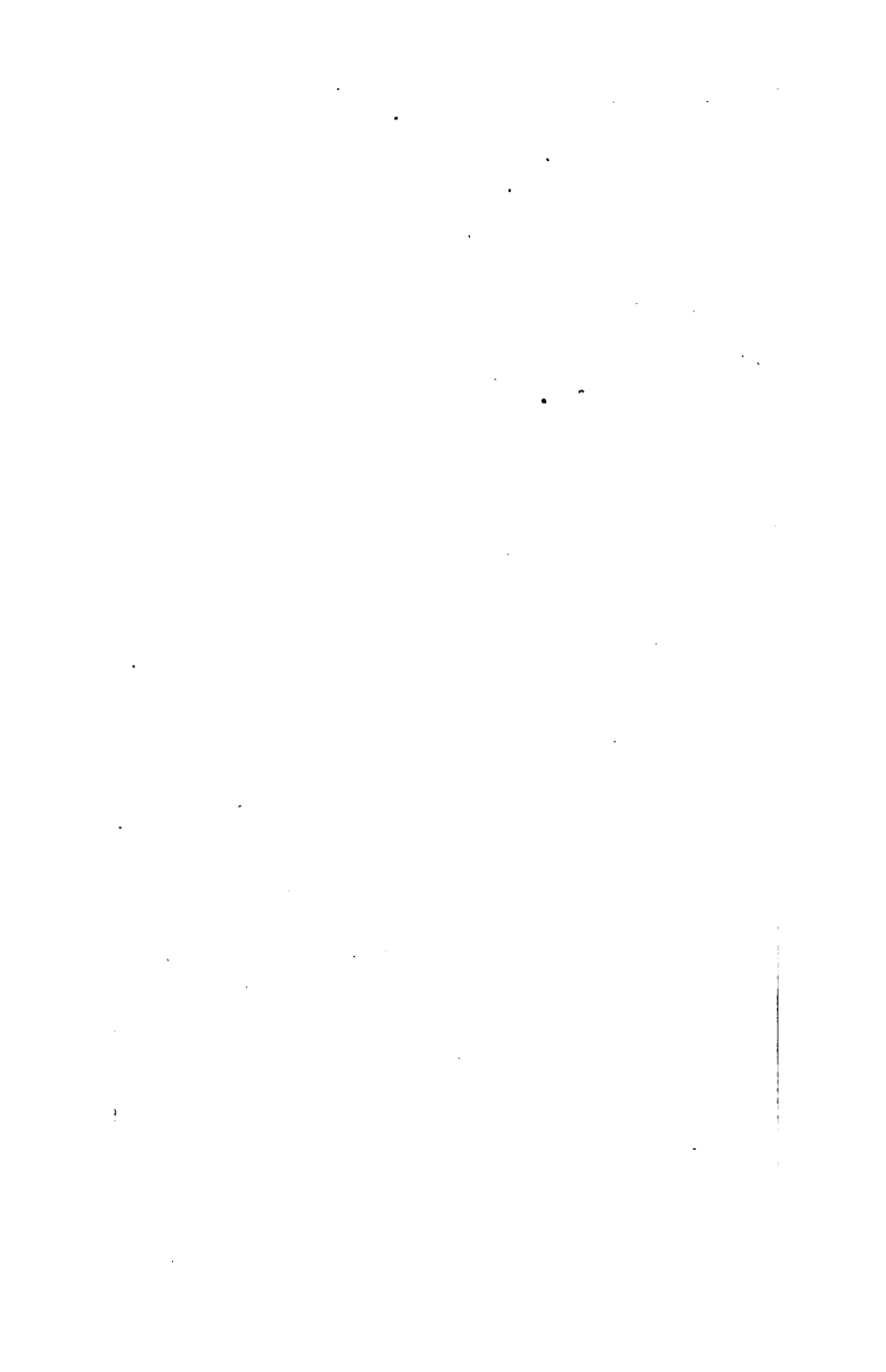
N. B. *The Reader is desired to observe particularly the Marks of Reference of each MOTTO to each NOTE, as one and the same NOTE in this little Work is obliged to be carried over sometimes two or three leaves together.*

## E R R A T A.

PAGE I. On the top of the 1st Latin Passage, say, *Introductory Mottos*.—P. 34, EP. 32 l. 6, read *gaudet*.—P. 36, EP. 36, l. 2, read *hic*.—P. 61, EP. 55, read *Cerne*.—P. 64, for EP. 57, read 58, and so on with alterations to page 67.—P. 85, at Motto xiv. (Latin) read *ulsciscitur*.—P. 89, on the top of the Latin passage, say, MOTTO.—P. 90, Note l. 3, read 64.—P. 90, Note l. 10, “scattered up and down the Public Papers” should be included in a parenthesis, thus ( ) —P. 131, Note l. 6, for *at*, read *of*.—P. 135, l. 3, for *ye*, read *the*.—P. 136, Note, l. the last, for *down*, read *down*.—P. 139, Motto 47. (Latin) read *Judex*.—P. 140, Note l. 13, read *Dignitaries*.—P. 166, Note, l. 15, *at Lady*, insert *A*.—P. 176, Note l. 13, read *natur’d*.—P. 178, Note, l. 3, read *Chariots*.—P. 196, Motto lxxxii, (Latin) read *nōsti*.—P. 198, Note, l. 1, read *Wigs*.—P. 203, Note, l. 12, after *Women*, insert *their*.—P. 206, EP. l. 2 read *veriest and lewdest*.—P. 212, In the Greek EP. l. 2, read *o*.—P. 213, After the translation of the Motto, insert “*To the whole Body of the Jews*”.—P. 215, l. the last, before the word *D—d*, insert *Doctor*.—P. 225, read MOTTO xcix.—Last line of the Motto translated, for *Time’s* read *Time*.—P. 227, Motto cii. l. 2, read *Moechus*.—P. 231, l. 2, (Greek) put the apostrophe after the word *υπορηγ* *o’top*, thus *υπορηγ’*.—l. 4, read *old*.—P. 241, Motto cvii, read *To the memory of good Queen Bess*. ✓

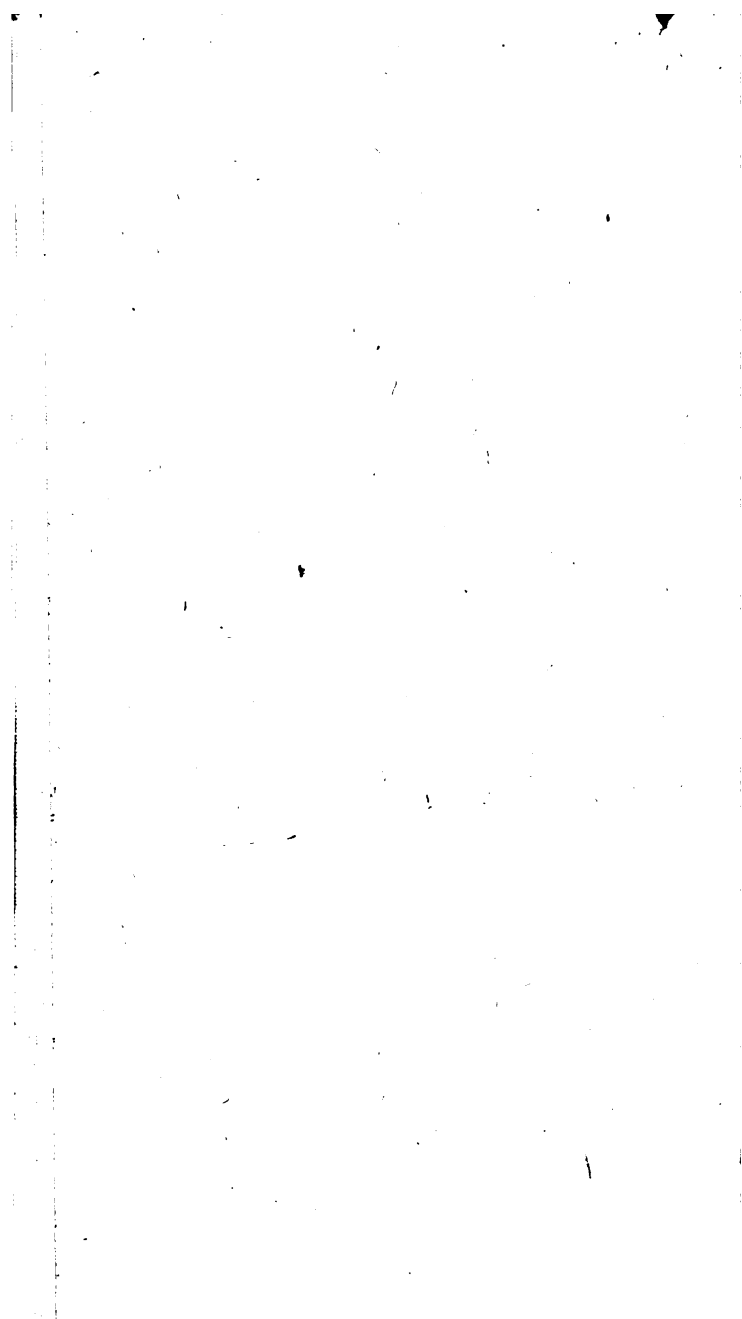
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